



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

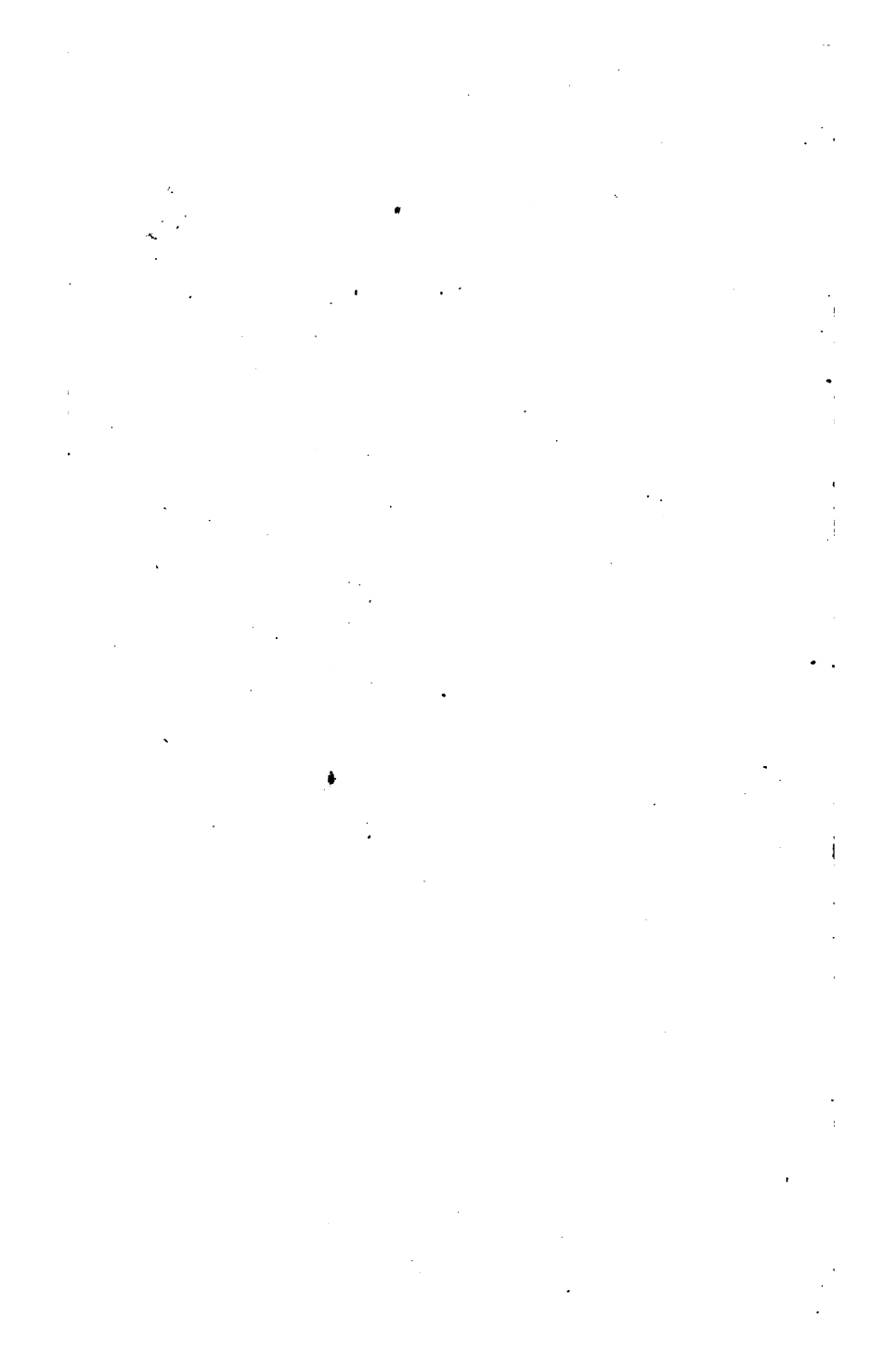
We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





GRANBY.

VOL. II.

LONDON :

SHACKELL AND BAYLIS, JOHNSON'S-COURT, FLEET-STREET.

GRANBY.

A NOVEL.

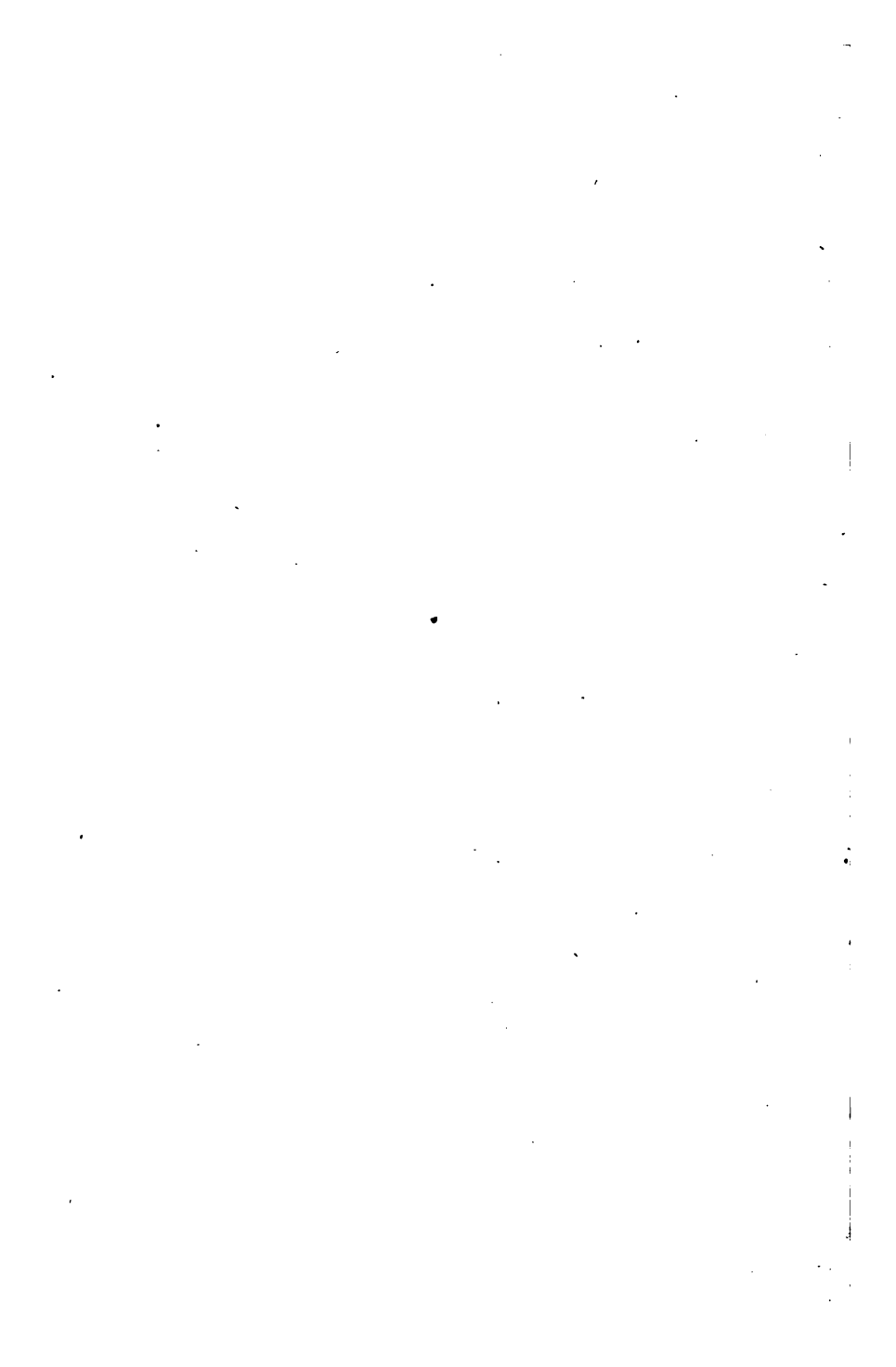
IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

THIRD EDITION.

LONDON :
HENRY COLBURN, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1829.



Autograph

GRANBY.

CHAPTER I.

Passions are likened best to floods and streams :

The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb ;

So when affections yield discourse, it seems

The bottom is but shallow whence they come.

They that are rich in words must needs discover

They are but poor in that which makes a lover.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

AMONG other places of resort where it was probable he might meet the Jermyns, Granby went one morning to the Exhibition at Somerset-house. He found there, as usual, a motley crowd of spectators ; many of them listless and uninterested ; some appearing to have no object in coming except that blind, gregarious

feeling which always prompts them to follow the crowd ; others probably drawn thither by some such pressing motive as to look at Mrs. A.'s likeness, or the plaster cast of Mr. B. ; while here and there was an occasional connoisseur, who, by right of a recent walk in the Vatican, went " pishing" and " pshawing" his way through the room, in utter contempt of British art.

The sight of a large assemblage of pictures is a fatiguing pleasure, and cannot be enjoyed for a long time at once, with unabated zeal, even by the most ardent ; and Granby soon began to feel that painful weariness which generally comes on after an hour's survey of an exhibition room. He was just turning over, for the last time, the leaves of his catalogue, when his eye was caught by " Portrait of Miss Jermyn, J. Jackson, R. A."—which picture he had somehow or other unaccountably missed.

Here was an object—an interesting one ; and, forgetting his fatigue, he went in search

of it, and was soon successful. The portrait was extremely like; preserving much of the simple grace of the original, and agreeably set off by the artist's somewhat peculiar, yet pleasing colouring. The expression was slightly smiling; her eyes, as he stood before it, seemed turned upon him, and the smile on her countenance forcibly recalled her last look at Mrs. Henley's. Debarred as he was from the sight of the original, he could not refuse himself the pleasure of gazing on this attractive representation, and looking earnestly on features which in no other way could he now so freely contemplate. Wrapt in this pleasing meditation, he did not at first perceive that he was obstructing the view of two ladies who stood behind him. He turned round to quit his station, and afford them an opportunity of seeing, when he found, to his no small embarrassment and surprise, that the objects of his civility were no other than Lady Jermyn and her daughter.

Their surprise was as great as his own; for as

his back was turned towards them, and their attention otherwise engaged, they had not recognised him until that moment. All the peculiarities of the *rencontre* rushed upon Granby's mind at once. He saw that they must have been witnesses of his fixed attention to the picture—that silent but eloquent indication of his feelings; and this thought at the moment tended rather to confuse than gratify.

The same thought occurred to Caroline, who drew back and blushed at this indirect homage, and, after a bow of recognition, tried to gaze at the objects around her.

Lady Jermyn, to her credit be it spoken, conducted herself at this trying moment with equal judgment and address. She dexterously subdued her demonstrations of surprise, and contrived (which in such a case was of all things the most difficult) to look neither pleased nor mortified at the meeting, but to mould her features into an expression of civil indifference. It also struck her, that the civility of moving from

before her, though slight, and not paid personally to her, could not with propriety pass unnoticed ; she was therefore the first to speak. A subject, though a dangerous one, was ready at hand in Caroline's picture, and, with seeming unconcern, she boldly adverted to it.

“ A good picture, Mr. Granby,” said she.

“ A very good picture,” was his reply.

“ And like,” she added, in a steadier tone than, considering the subject and the person addressed, might have been expected.

A complimentary denial, and something about not doing justice, lay ready for utterance upon Granby's lips ; but prudence and good taste suppressed this piece of idle gallantry, and substituted a quiet acquiescence in the truth of her remark. Lady Jermyn then made a slight movement, as if to pass onward, and put an end to the conversation ; but Granby stopped her with an inquiry after Sir Thomas Jermyn.

“ Quite well, I am obliged to you ; he came

with us here ; but he has gone over the way to the stamp-office."

Granby ventured to say that he was sorry to have missed this opportunity of seeing him ; but it was said not only faintly, but with coldness and restraint, and secured no other answer than a formal inclination of the head. A lady, acquainted with Lady Jermyn, now came up and spoke to her ; and Granby took this opportunity of addressing Caroline for the first time. No topic appeared so safe and obvious as the present scene, and a few common-place questions and answers passed between them on the subject of the Exhibition. But their minds were too full of other things to talk freely upon such a topic. It did not interest either of them, and they felt that it was introduced merely as an opening to other conversation ; and after having forced themselves to utter a few trite remarks, they dropped it by mutual consent.

" I think," said Granby, " it was at Mrs.

Henley's that I last had the pleasure of seeing you : it was a pleasant ball."

"It was indeed," said she, and blushed as soon as she had uttered it; for she recollected that it was there she first met him; and hastily added, "that is—I mean—it was a good ball."

"I dare say," replied Granby, who would not appear to notice the correction, "you are no enemy to the gaieties of town?"

"Certainly not," she said with a faint smile, and in a more assured tone. "Indeed at present their novelty alone would make me like them."

"I believe," said Granby, "novelty is their best friend; for I think we find, upon the whole, society in the country is more agreeable."

Caroline assented, but looked confused, and Granby's countenance soon presented in some degree the reflection of her own. Society in the country brought its separate associations to the minds of each. Caroline thought of the visit to Hemingsworth, and Granby of the last days he had passed in her company at Brack-

ingsley. He therefore returned to society in London.

“ You have hardly been out, I believe, since I had the pleasure of meeting you at the ball we were speaking of?”

“ No, I have not indeed,” said she, “ but I should not have thought you would have observed it.—I mean,” she added, and again coloured slightly, fearing lest her meaning should be wrongly taken,—“ I mean to say, that in so extensive a place as London, the absence and presence of any one can be observed but by very few.”

“ Except in some cases,” said Granby, with a smile. “ But you *have* been absent from society, you say? Not, I hope, on account of illness?”

He said this in a tone of livelier interest than he had yet hazarded in his short interview. It caught the quick ear of Lady Jermyn, who, not suffering Caroline to answer, interposed with,—

“ A cold, Mr. Granby, merely a cold—colds have been very prevalent lately—everybody

seems to have them.—By the by, my dear, you had better move—you are standing now in a draft of air ;” and, drawing her daughter’s arm within her own, she walked away, with a bow to Granby, which civilly intimated that he was not to follow.

Thus ended the long-expected interview—the first in which they had actually conversed. He had long looked forward to it, as an event on which his fate depended, and which would decide the progress of his fortunes. It was now past, and it had decided—absolutely nothing. In fact, as he afterwards thought, how should it? and how was it likely that either party should plunge at once into embarrassing explanations? When all was over, he was angry at himself for having pre-imagined scenes and conversations which were never likely to take place, and for thereby preparing for himself a great deal of needless disappointment.

Still there were some points of negative import to be gathered from the recent scene, which

were not totally without their value. There was no avoidance on the part of Lady Jermyn, and no displeasure on that of Caroline; but there was in its stead a good deal of embarrassment, which if he pleased he might construe favourably.

These thoughts came across his mind, as he watched them quickly pursuing their way towards the staircase. Some young man accosted them, as they were turning out of sight, and seemed to offer to accompany them to their carriage. He looked liked Courtenay; but then Courtenay, as Granby thought, was not acquainted with them; and he stood puzzling about the identity, (every thing relating to them being to him a subject of interest,) when Courtenay came up to him, and told him he had just parted from the Jermyns, with whom he had become acquainted at a dinner party the day before—called Lady Jermyn a good-natured woman—and added a long and acceptable enumeration of Caroline's attractive qualities.

Granby was glad to find that his friend had

become acquainted with them, and that he seemed disposed to improve this acquaintance. Cut off from personal intercourse with the Jermyns, he wished to communicate with them through a friend, and he thought, with some reason, that he might find in Courtenay a zealous advocate, and perhaps an useful ally in the work of reconciliation. But the same reserve which had hitherto restrained him from betraying his sentiments to Mrs. Dormer, now induced him to guard them with equal secrecy from his friend Courtenay. He therefore assumed a tone of indifference in mentioning their names, and disguised, as well as he could, the interest with which he listened to Courtenay's remarks. In this line of conduct he so well succeeded, that Courtenay was not only kept in ignorance of his attachment to Miss Jermyn, but was even inclined to accuse him of a want of taste, in being so insensible to her many attractions.

CHAPTER II.

Give me more love or more disdain ;
The torrid or the frigid zone ;
Bring equal ease unto my pain ;
The temperate affords me none.
Either extreme of love or hate
Is sweeter than a calm estate.

CAREW.

HENRY met Lady Jermyn and Caroline the night after his visit to Somerset-house, at Lady Charleville's, where three weeks before he had missed seeing them, through the singular mistake which has already been mentioned. Whether or not Caroline entertained the notion that he had purposely avoided her on that night, Granby could not tell, but he intended, at all events, to explain the circumstance to her this evening.

He had not been long in the room before he saw Lady Jermyn and her daughter, at no great distance from him. They were not, however, within speaking distance; and he had leisure to compare his former agitation with his present composure, and to be agreeably sensible that the few words which had passed between them at the Exhibition, had considerably removed all former difficulties, and paved the way to a more unembarrassed and familiar intercourse. He felt as if he could now meet them with a pleasure less alloyed by anxiety and doubt. At this moment he caught their eyes, and bowed. The bow was graciously returned by both; but so unreasonable was he become already, that with this very graciousness he was inclined to quarrel. He thought there was too much forced civility in the inclination of Caroline's head; and besides, there was no emotion on seeing him—no rising colour—no indication of embarrassment; and though he had been congratulating himself on the increased calmness of his own

feelings, he was not willing that she should share the same advantage.

But all these thoughts gave way to pleasure ; for in a few minutes he saw them approaching—actually approaching of their own accord. He had lately been suspecting them of wishing to avoid him. How unjust had he been ! Here was, indeed, an opening for reconciliation—an opening voluntarily offered by them. He felt much pleased, and was about to extend his hand to Lady Jermyn, who led the way, and to catch the first friendly glance of her eye, when he saw it fixed, not, alas ! on him, but either on vacancy, or on some person immediately behind him. Never did high hopes fall more suddenly ! She sailed by him with cruel composure—seemed quite indifferent to his presence—and, as he fell back to let her pass, acknowledged the civility with another bend, and a cold “ How d’ye do ? ” and drew her daughter after her.

Caroline, meanwhile, quietly and composedly turned her face towards him, steadily uttered

the usual greeting, bowed again, and slightly smiled. But, what a smile ! cold, forced, insipid, unmeaning, and how different from her last ! He was instantly struck by the contrast : her former heartfelt, beaming expression flashed across his recollection, as he viewed the present stiff and studied cast of her features ; and, however well it might be intended, in all her present demeanor towards him, nothing pained him like that smile ; it seemed to poison his recollections of the first, and with a momentary feeling of strong disappointment, he actually turned his face away. Many bitter thoughts crowded on his mind. He sadly contrasted her present cold civility with the natural emotion and conscious delicacy expressed in her manner on the preceding day ; while, at the same time, he wondered at his own change of feeling, in being now so pained at a reception, from which, a fortnight before, he would have drawn the happiest auguries.

On turning, after this mental soliloquy, he saw them still at a short distance from him ; but

he made no effort to approach. He was suddenly chilled into cautious reserve; and, instead of following them, he stood with an assumed air of unconcern, his eyes directed towards the dancers, beating time with his fingers on the breast of his coat, to a waltz which the band were then playing. He afterwards walked about the rooms, endeavouring to join in the gaiety around, but, in reality, in a state of comfortless apathy towards every object save one, and that object now a painful one; utterly at variance both with himself and the scene around him, yet under the influence of a sort of fascination which would not permit him to quit it.

He frequently passed Lady Jermyn and Caroline in the course of the evening; but as the first salutation was over, they generally allowed him to pass unnoticed: only once again did Lady Jermyn speak, and then her remark was a mere reiteration of the hackneyed comment on the fulness of the ball. With Caroline he had no conversation: she did not seem to wish it: her eye seldom met

his ; but when it did, it bore a dull, disheartening, lack-lustre expression, in which he could read nothing but indifference. He watched her countenance, as often as he could do so unobserved, while in conversation with her various partners ; and many a pang did it cost him to perceive that the features, which stiffened into formality when met by his, could brighten up into careless gaiety at the trivial address of the acquaintance of an hour.

“ ’Tis well,” he muttered to himself ; “ I know my footing now at last, and the estimation in which I am held. The prating puppy, who has just made his first bow to her, is more acceptable than I am—is listened to with greater interest—is looked upon with greater pleasure. Fool that I was, to fancy I was anything to her !—to receive her girlish surprise as the index of real affection ! No, I am an object of indifference to her : and she, if possible, must be the same to me.”

Caroline at this time was standing up in a quadrille, and talking and listening, with appa-

rent interest, to the gentleman with whom she was dancing. Granby saw her, and drew near, probably with some design of putting her indifference to the test. The effect of his approach was marked and immediate: she did not look at him, nor attempt to break off the conversation; but the smile with which she listened to her partner lost all its character of ease and gaiety, and became in an instant fixed and unnatural. The attitude of attention was still preserved, but it was plain that, even if she heard the words, their sense at all events was lost. And yet she had not the air of absence; the countenance bore too restless an expression: she was intently occupied with something; but certainly not with the person who addressed her. This did not escape that gentleman's observation—for, after a surprised and inquiring look, he ceased to speak.

Granby noted all that passed, and was brought back to the happy conviction, that Caroline had that evening assumed an indifference

which she did not feel. He was satisfied with this conclusion, and having no farther object, left the house. A faint grey light through the window-blinds, indicating the fast approach of the unbewitching hour of morn, warned Lady Jermyn also to depart.

“ You have behaved admirably indeed, my love,” said her ladyship, after drawing up the glass of her carriage, on their way home: “ you have been very attentive to what I said.”

Caroline answered only with a sigh.

“ Are you tired, Caroline ?” said her mother.

“ Not much,” was her faint reply ; and the rest of the drive was passed in silence.

Perhaps our readers may be curious to know what Lady Jermyn did say ; and on this account, and in order to explain the conduct of Caroline, we will lay before them the following conversation, which had taken place in the course of the preceding morning.

“ You know, my love,” said Lady Jermyn,

“that, under all circumstances, considering General Granby’s behaviour to your father, and some other things that I could mention, though we should be very sorry, on account of their relationship, not to be upon speaking terms,—yet a certain line must be drawn; and it really is a duty we owe to ourselves, to show, in some degree, by our manner, that we were not quite pleased at what has happened. I only say this to you, my love, in order to explain to you (which I have never done sufficiently yet) the sort of manner which it will be proper to adopt towards Mr. Granby, now that we are in the prospect of meeting him daily. I never would behave with the slightest incivility. We should never give offence if we can help it; but I need not say this to you, my love, who never give offence to any one. Therefore, with respect to Mr. Granby, I would not have you do anything to hurt him, but merely treat him as a common acquaintance, and keep out of his way as well as

you can ; and do not talk to him more than is necessary. You understand me, Caroline."

"Yes, mamma, I understand what you mean, and I will try to act accordingly. I will endeavour to avoid him."

"True, my love ; but understand me : I don't wish you positively to *avoid* him. I would not go away, for instance, if I saw him coming, or even turn my head that I might not see him as he passed. That would be too *broad* and marked. People might notice it. It would look *particular*. We should never do anything that looks *particular*. No, I would answer him civilly and composedly whenever he spoke to me, and then pass on, just as you might in the case of anybody else. But I leave all this to your own tact and discretion, of which nobody has more for her age. I am sure you can enter into all these niceties, and that my observations will not be lost upon you. And now, my love, let me mention another thing : you must get over that little embarrassment

which I see you show whenever you meet him. It was very natural and excusable the first time, considering our long acquaintance with him and the General: but we must make our conduct conform to circumstances; so try to get the better of this little flutter: it does not look well, and might be observed. There is no quality more valuable in a young person than self-possession. So you must keep down these blushes," said she, patting her on the cheek, "or I believe I must rouge you;—though it would be a thousand pities, with the pretty natural colour you have. But you must remember what I have been saying: be more composed in your behaviour. Try to adopt the manner which I do. It may be difficult; but you see I contrive it, and I have known Mr. Granby a great deal longer than you have, Caroline."

"Yes, mamma, but—"

"But what?" said Lady Jermyn; "there is a difference in our ages, you mean. Certainly, my love, I can make those allowances. I do

not expect the same degree of conduct from a young person as from those who are older. I am the more particular in these directions, because I should be sorry, and so would your father, to have the world suppose that there is any serious quarrel between ourselves and the Granbys. We might, in that case, be obliged to enter into explanations, which had always better be avoided. No, my dear, let us preserve all proper decorum. And, besides, I am the more desirous of maintaining a guarded, distant manner, because, from our old acquaintance, and the regard we once felt for them, we should always wish to preserve some sort of intercourse; and yet any renewal of former intimacy," she added, with a significant nod, "would certainly lead to a positive rupture."

This concluding observation had more weight in Caroline's mind than any which had gone before it; and she determined to school herself to a strict conformity with her mother's directions.

Lady Jermyn saw the effect of her last

remark; and, like an able orator, forbore to weaken its impression by following it up with less cogent arguments. It was part of her policy, as the above conversation will in some degree have shown, to assume an ignorance of Caroline's feelings towards Granby, and to take it for granted that the attachment was entirely on his side, and that Caroline regarded him merely with that sentiment of sober friendship which is due to an old acquaintance. Under this veil she was able to say many things to her daughter, which, without the cloak of such convenient blindness, mutual consciousness would have rendered difficult. She was like a person who, in order to see the better, throws the shadow on his own face, while he turns the light to the object before him. Meanwhile she was as perfectly acquainted with all that passed in her daughter's mind as the fullest confession could have made her; and it was part of her system never to extort a confidence when she could learn the truth without it.

CHAPTER III.

Come then, the colours and the ground prepare,
Dip in the rainbow, trick her off in air ;
Choose a firm cloud before it falls, and in it
Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of the minute.

POPE.

GRANBY saw Lady Jermyn and Caroline, after this, on several successive nights, at various places. But there was no favourable alteration in their manner from that which had given him so much uneasiness at Lady Charleville's. They neither sought nor avoided him ; neither frowned nor smiled, nor even testified, by word, look, or action, that his presence conveyed to them the slightest portion either of pain or pleasure. Caroline had even learned to attend to what was said to her when he was near ; and Granby found, to his mortification, that succeeding ex-

periments of this nature did not answer so well as the first. Frequently did he writhe in mental torment under this treatment, which he now found to be, of all others, the most intolerable. To have been shunned and frowned upon had been happiness in comparison with the galling infliction of indifference and neglect. He had intended, at Lady Charleville's, to ask Caroline to dance ; but her altered manner took from him the power and even the wish of making that request. Since that time he had meditated the same again ; but a turbulent current of wayward feeling had borne down his half-formed purpose. He now sedulously stood apart whenever he saw her disengaged, and enjoyed a gloomy satisfaction in secret applause of his self-denying firmness. He would stand and view her joining in the dance with a light step, and a heart, for aught he knew, as light ; her hand, perhaps the property of one whom a casual introduction had lately made known to her ; while he, the early companion of her youth, devoted with an affec-

tion which was almost pledged, was debarred from privileges which the merest stranger claimed, and obtained without a scruple.

"But I am a fool," said he, "to pursue these thoughts, and torment myself with vain regrets. Why cannot I bear a brow as calm, and a spirit as light as she does? Yes," he said, with a bitter smile, "I will learn to profit by her example. I, too, will be indifferent in my turn. She can receive with easy gaiety the attentions of others; and mine shall not needlessly be reserved for her: she shall see that there are sufficient attractions to engage them elsewhere."

Thus, in a jealous moment of pique, did he form a plan of retaliation, and hastily resolved to dedicate his notice to other beauties: nor had he long to seek for objects. An admirable ally presented herself in the person of the fascinating, the fashionable, the all-observed, and much admired Miss Darrell, a lady to whom admiration was considered a duty, and by whom a slight exercise of vanity might have suggested

to our hero that he himself was distinguished in his turn.

Miss Darrell was not strictly a beauty : she had not, as was frequently observed by her female friends, and unwillingly admitted by her male admirers, a single truly good feature in her face. But who could quarrel with the *tout ensemble*?—who but must be dazzled with the graceful animation with which those features were lighted up? Let critics hesitate to pronounce her beautiful ; at any rate they must allow her to be fascinating. Place a perfect stranger in a crowded assembly, and she would first attract his eye : correcter beauties would pass unnoticed, and his first attention would be rivetted by her. She was all brilliancy and effect ; but it were hard to say she studied it ; so little did her spontaneous, airy graces convey the impression of premeditated practice. She was a sparkling tissue of little affectations, which, however, appeared so interwoven with herself, that their seeming artlessness disarmed one's cen-

sure. Strip them away, and you destroyed at once the brilliant being that so much attracted you ; and it thus became difficult to condemn what you felt unable, and, indeed, unwilling to remove. With positive affectation, malevolence itself could rarely charge her : and prudish censure seldom exceeded the guarded limits of a dry remark, that Miss Darrell had " a good deal of *manner*."

Eclat she sought, and gained. Indeed, she was both formed to gain it, and disposed to desire it. But she required an extensive sphere. A ball-room was her true arena ; for she waltzed "*à ravir*," and could talk enchantingly about nothing. She was devoted to fashion, and all its ficklenesses, and went to the extreme whenever she could do so consistently with grace. But she aspired to be a leader as well as a follower ; seldom, if ever, adopted a mode that was unbecoming to herself, and dressed to suit the genius of her face.

Miss Darrell had many imitators of her air and attire: many who sedulously strove to copy the turn of her head, the tone of her laugh, the fall of her ringlets, the pretty dangle of her arms, and her soft, slipshod, gliding step; nay, who were eager to adopt her judgment even in the fancy of a ribbon, and teased Madame Maradon to give their dresses the graceful, becoming *sit* of her's. But the imitations generally failed. They were either too broad or too faint. They gave a coarse, ungraceful caricature, or a resemblance so imperfect, that no one probably ever suspected it.

Failure is a fate which second-hand graces generally incur, and invariably deserve. But here the disgrace was less in the failure than in the attempt. It was no easy task to present a transcript of Miss Darrell. Her's were rainbow tints—bright, gay, evanescent—beautiful while they lasted, but ever flickering and changeable. She perplexed with elegant

contrarities; and few of her would-be personators had skill to "catch ere she changed the Cynthia of the minute."

This flattery Miss Darrell amply repaid in warm commendations of her followers. Almost all her female acquaintance were "loves," "dear creatures," "perfect angels." She hated petty jealous detraction, and the depreciating spirit of many of her sex. With an air of fearless superiority, which seemed to laugh at the idea of rivalry, she poured forth an elegant current of eulogium. But art still lurked beneath this amiable burst of feeling. Frequently did she utter praises that were not meant to be cordially received; and recommended persons for precisely those qualities which were least discernible in them. She thereby secured to herself the credit of that amiable quick-sightedness which discovers merits imperceptible to others, while she enjoyed the incredulous looks of her hearers, and possessed the satisfaction of exciting the censure of those

very rivals, whom, with such *well meaning* earnestness she affected to defend.

“How strikingly handsome Miss Jermyn is!” said she to Henry, one evening at Almack’s.
“Don’t you think so?”

Now, Caroline’s style of beauty was rather of that description which comes under the term “loveliness,” than of that regular and imposing kind to which the word “handsome” is generally applied. Granby was disposed to be cautious on such a subject, and thought he might safely plead a slight difference of opinion.

“I think her very pretty,” said he, “and she certainly has a remarkably pleasing expression.”

“No, no, no,” said Miss Darrell, with playful positiveness, “you shall not come off in that way—I know you want to pull her to pieces.”

“I thought I was praising her,” said Granby, with a smile.

"Oh yes—delightfully indeed! Calling her pretty—merely pretty! and then to say that she had 'a pleasing expression!' just what one says of good-humoured ugly people, that one cannot find any other way of praising. No, no, I'll not have you talk in that way of Miss Jermyn."

"But I really do think that she is pretty, rather than handsome."

"No, Mr. Granby, that will not do. Handsome, or nothing," said Miss Darrell. "I don't like the idea of prettiness—it sounds so inferior! I wonder you can apply it to her. But you are a sad depreciating person. Now, confess that you are. You must be aware that you are not doing poor Miss Jermyn proper justice."

"Of that I will not pretend to judge. But I think she can hardly fail to have justice done her, with such an eloquent advocate as yourself."

"I suspect that is only a civil way of saying that I do her more than justice. I believe, after all, if you would but allow it, you mean to say you think her plain."

"No, upon my honour."

"Now don't say upon your honour, because if you do I shall not believe you. But do tell me your honest opinion. Is not she extremely clever? Don't you think she has a very sensible, keen, acute look?"

"Yes, sensible; but it does not strike me as keen or acute."

"Oh! there again. Poor Miss Jermyn! I know exactly what you mean. You think that she has very fair common sense, but none of an exalted kind."

"I did not make that distinction in my own mind. I think her very sensible."

"Oh, ay—sensible—that is to say, not quite a simpleton. Oh, I am sure by her countenance she must be clever. I could even fancy her blue—a beautiful blue."

"No, no—she is not blue."

"I see you won't allow her to be anything. You are as liberal to her mind as you were to her person, and you fine down her good quali-

ties so dexterously—you are really quite a male Mrs. Candour.”

Henry bowed and smiled, partly at the charge, and partly at the reflection that the character she applied to him was much more applicable to herself. He then broke off the conversation by asking her to waltz again.

“No, not yet,” said she, with a playful air of peevishness, “they are playing that odious stop waltz. I hate dancing without music. Ah—there—you are going to remonstrate; and a remonstrance is worse than a stop waltz; so I think I shall cut it short and comply.”

CHAPTER IV.

Il semble que s'il y a un soupçon injuste, bizarre, et sans fondement, qu'on ait une fois appelé jalousie, cette autre jalousie qui est un sentiment juste, naturel, fondé en raison, et sur l'expérience, méritoit un autre nom.

LA BRUYERE.

To the young lady introduced to the reader in our last chapter, Henry Granby now began to pay considerable attention. He waltzed with her frequently ; talked to her with great gaiety and apparent interest ; hovered about her seat, and edged himself into the corner that was honoured with her presence ; and sometimes tried by conversation to withdraw her allegiance from her rightful partner for the time being. Never did they pass in a crowded party, though for the fiftieth time that night, but some remark, either sportive, or enigmatical to all but them-

selves, took place between them. Whether in the passing throng, on the upper landing-place, or in the comparative retirement of the inner saloon, flirtation was equally active.

But with all this, there was no feeling in Granby's breast towards Miss Darrell, that ever approached the nature of love. He was entertained, and perhaps dazzled; and he thought it a favourable indication of his taste to admire one whom all admired, and was rather pleased to swell the train of a lady of such high fashionable pretensions. But these thoughts interfered not with his attachment to Caroline; they were mixed with no sentiments of disloyalty to her. There was such an essential difference, in his eyes, between her and Miss Darrell, that their images could never clash. He knew not how to make a comparison between them; and as to their contesting a place in his affections, the idea was far too strange and improbable to enter his mind for a single moment. He seemed, as it were, to be merely amusing himself with the evolutions of a

showy divertisement, between the acts of an interesting opera.

There was also some excuse for his seeming apostacy, in the consideration that he was met by the attractions of warmth and animation, at the very time that he was deeply wounded by the coldness of another. Miss Darrell, who in fact cared very little for her admirers, probably preferred our hero to any of them. The inferiority in rank and wealth she did not take into her account. She was too volatile for mercenary, or even for ambitious views, and did not weigh her partners in the scales of an establishment-hunter. Fashion, agreeableness, and a good exterior, were all she troubled her head about. She could vouch for Granby's possession of the two latter; and as for the former, though he was not one of the very select, yet he was sufficiently seen in good society to be at all times a creditable captive.

Granby had all along a hope that his devotion to Miss Darrell might kindle some spark of

jealous love (if such still lurked in Caroline's bosom) which would be favourable to his cause, by rousing her from her present indifference. But he never imagined that his homage would attract the attention of any other person. In this he was soon to be undeceived.

"Granby, how does your suit prosper?" said Courtenay to him one evening in a half whisper, after he had been talking for some time to Miss Darrell with much animation.

"What suit!" said Granby; with unassumed surprise.

"What suit!" repeated Courtenay; "how very innocent!"

"I really don't understand you," persisted Granby.

"No? ha! ha! that's very good—you think I don't know that you are a warm suitor of Miss Darrell."

Granby's confusion at this unexpected charge was heightened not a little, by perceiving that Caroline was standing immediately behind him,

and must have heard what passed. Of her emotion he could form no judgment, for she immediately turned her face away.

"Courtenay," said he, "you are talking at random."

"Random shots don't always miss," replied Courtenay, with a significant smile; and precluded Granby's exculpations by passing on as soon as he had said it.

His remark left a mortifying impression in Granby's mind. His eyes were unexpectedly opened to the interpretation which his conduct admitted—an interpretation, which had he ever suspected, he would certainly have been eager to remove. It was no consolatory reflection that this remark was made to him in Caroline's hearing. She was the person by whom he least wished that impression to be entertained, and from whom he was least able to remove it. He found that he had gone too far, and, what was worse, he hardly knew how to remedy the mischief he had been doing.

His first measure was to undeceive Courtenay. He soon found him, and began to speak to him on the subject. "Courtenay," said he, with an air of earnestness, which he tried to temper with a gaiety of manner, "I have a favour to ask of you: don't repeat what you said to me lately."

"And what did I say?" said Courtenay.

"You spoke as if you thought there was a serious engagement between Miss Darrell and myself."

"No no, pardon me there. I rise to explain. I did not say there was an engagement—I only thought there would be one."

"There neither is, nor will be, I assure you."

"Well—and what if there is not?"

"Why, I wish you would not talk about it, as if you thought there was."

"I! O Lord! make yourself easy; I'll be discretion itself, as you shall see. I was always famous for discretion. But pray, may I ask,

is it on the lady's account, or your own, that you wish to have the report stopped?"

"On my own," said Granby.

"Your own!" said Courtenay, with a laugh; "and why should you wish it on your own account, unless you are engaged to some one else? But perhaps you are?"

"No," said Granby.

"Then, my dear fellow, what can it signify? 'Gad! you are as coy about it as any girl of sixteen, just taxed with her first flirtation."

"Well, well," said Granby, "that may be; but I have my reasons; so pray don't mention it again."

"Certainly not; since you make such a point of it."

"And if you should hear the same thing stated by others," said Granby, "I shall be obliged to you if you will contradict it."

"Thank you—no—I'll hold my tongue. I don't like spreading false reports;" and so saying, he left him.

This was not much gained ; and he afterwards regretted that he had not been more urgent with Courtenay to contradict these surmises, and particularly to Miss Jermyn. But the last request he durst not utter ; the less, perhaps, on account of certain feelings to which he could hardly at present give a name, arising from the increasing intimacy between Caroline and Courtenay. It was not exactly jealousy ; nor did it even, at this time, amount to positive uneasiness ; but he began to wonder why he should have been originally pleased at their acquaintance ; and smiled a little at his former folly, in thinking that such an event could ever be productive of benefit to him.

This state of mind was not likely to be permanent. The seeds of distrust were already sown, and they must now either grow or wither. Unhappily they grew apace. A clue was furnished for the interpretation of many little trivial facts, which before had seemed to escape his notice, but which a memory that now appeared miraculously active, was continually conjuring

up. He began to think that the former remark about Miss Darrell was purposely made in Caroline's hearing. Every look that passed between them now began to be intently watched. He would also gladly have listened to their conversation ; but there was a meanness in this procedure to which he could not reconcile himself. He was therefore only the more industrious in studying the language of the eyes.

One evening, at a private concert, he saw in a distant part of the room Caroline seated on a sofa, while Courtenay leaned upon the back of it, intently occupied in talking to her. The crowd was thick through which he viewed them, and he had ample opportunity to inhale at leisure the subtle poison of jealousy. He saw the insinuating softness of Courtenay's manner ; the pleasing smile of interest with which Caroline listened to what he said ; and its still sweeter expression when she addressed him in her turn. All this he saw, and magnified, and his heart alternately burned and died within him at the

sight. At length the conversation seemed to become more animated. They spoke and replied more quickly than before, and with a mingled air of gaiety and interest;—when all at once Caroline's manner showed confusion. He saw a blush deepen on her cheek, and her eyes withdrew themselves in conscious emotion. But still there was no evidence of displeasure, and Courtenay seemed to pursue his address without participating in the gentle embarrassment which he had excited. How could such signs be misinterpreted? Courtenay was evidently addressing her in the language of an avowed admirer, and his advances were not repulsed. It was too much for Granby to support. All his hitherto smothered feelings of tempestuous passion kindled at once. He turned pale with emotion; ground his teeth in a species of momentary frenzy; and crushed into the smallest possible compass a card of the performances, which he firmly, but unconsciously, grasped in his clenched hand. A moment's thought restored him to external calm-

ness : but it was the frightful calmness of despair. He forced himself with a moody pleasure, to the penance of once more gazing on the unconscious pair, till the contemplation became too painful for endurance ; and he then turned hastily round and left the room.

We shall now advert to the conversation which had caused an anguish so intense. Courtenay, after talking a good deal of lively nonsense, began to criticise the style of beauty of a lady whom Caroline happened to mention, and which, as they did not agree in their opinions, gave rise to a playful sort of argument. " I think her very handsome," said Caroline, at length, " but it is not a feminine style of beauty. I think it is the sort of face that would look much better in a man."

" So it would, I declare," said Courtenay. " It strikes me at once, now that you mention it. —And, by the by, I will tell you who she is like—a friend of mine, whom I believe you know—Henry Granby. Don't you think so?"

This had not struck Caroline before, and by way of reply, she told him so. But her confusion at being detected in this indirect, unconscious commendation of Henry Granby's personal appearance, was beyond all power of concealment and control. Courtenay, owing to his situation, and the direction of the light from a chandelier near him, did not discover that emotion which was so perceptible to the jealous eyes of Granby, and therefore quietly pursued the topic, with unaltered gaiety of manner. Such was the cause of Granby's uneasiness—such the infallible discernment of jealousy.

And what, meanwhile, was the state of Caroline's sentiments? She had long viewed with much pain, which with the passive calmness of female fortitude she struggled to conceal, Henry Granby's increasing devotion to Miss Darrell. She knew very little of that lady; but she had heard some traits, by which she was by no means prepossessed in her favour; and she fancied (though in this perhaps she was mistaken)

that it was a considerable aggravation of her misfortune, that Granby's affections should be transferred to one who was not worthy of his choice. Day after day did the strength of the impression of Granby's attachment to this new object painfully increase. Courtenay's remark had opened new and fearful lights, and forcibly suggested an approaching marriage; and a fresh circumstance soon occurred that tended to confirm her in this idea.

CHAPTER V.

Nous approfondirons, ainsi que la physique,
Grammaire, histoire, vers, morale, et politique.

MOLIERE.

It has already been mentioned that Granby was acquainted with the Duncans. On calling at their house one morning, a few days after his conversation with Courtenay on the subject of Miss Darrell, he found Lady Harriet at home. She was in her scientific vein : full of her friend Lady Wigly, and her philosophical *conversations*.

“ Oh, Mr. Granby,” said she, “ you *shall* go to Lady Wigly’s. I’ll get you a card for next Saturday. A charming woman is Lady Wigly. You’ll be much struck with her, I’m sure.

She has such a powerful mind—quite of the higher order of intellect. Rather severe in her exterior—but what of that? I rather like what one may call an *angular* character—pointed, rugged, and full of asperities. And then Lady Wigly is an authoress. She has just written a pamphlet on population—a very clever thing, I'm told, but I don't pretend to understand the subject."

"And what sort of things," said Granby, trying to look as gravely as possible, "are Lady Wigly's evening parties?"

"Delightful—delightful," exclaimed Lady Harriet; "and quite unique. There's nothing else in London like them. Not extensive—but very select—in a certain line. It is quite a private institution—a sort of conversational lecture."

"And what do you do there?" said Granby.

"Do? oh, a thousand things—walk about—talk—discuss—debate—criticise—experiment—inhale nitrous acid gas, and set potassium on fire with ice. Oh, I can't tell you half our

proceedings. Next Saturday, she has got up an artificial thunder-storm ; and I have volunteered —(don't tell Duncan)—I have volunteered to be struck with lightning."

Granby complimented her upon her zeal and courage, but seriously recommended her not to attempt this kind of display of it.

"No, no," said she, "you shall not dissuade me. If I do suffer, it is in the cause of science. There," said she, taking a letter out of her reticule, "as you have been very good, you shall read me that—the poetry only—not the prose. It is from a new correspondent. The lines are addressed to me. I have had it by me two or three days, but it seems such a shocking hand that I've not tried to read it yet."

Granby contrived to puzzle it out, and was afterwards made to read it again, with fluency and proper emphasis.

"Thank you," said she ; "charming, ar'n't they ? Pray are you of a poetical turn ?" she

added, with the air of asking the commonest question in the world.

Granby, with an assumption of similar simplicity, said that he believed he was.

“Then I recommend this poem to you,” said she, taking up a book that lay upon the table. “It is full of such lovely mystical passages—one seems to understand them, and yet one does not—and still one catches a sort of idea, which one cannot describe—one does not know why—and it comes, and goes, and comes again—and then one loses it; and oh! it is genuine poetry—it leaves so much to the imagination. And then the metre! I do so admire it! It is not verse, and it is not prose—but a charming mixture of the two. One might think it prose, if it were not for the printing. It does not go rolling steadily on, in the old heavy style, like Dryden or Thomson, but seems to ebb and flow, and halt and fluctuate, just like the sentiments it conveys. The

sound, you know, should always echo to the sense."

Granby merely assented with a polite "yes," and she continued.

"By the by, have you seen this tragedy? You will adore the hero—he is such a grand tempestuous character,—full of sublime energy, and a—I hardly know how to describe it—a sort of noble recklessness—and then 'mysterious as a dream.' He positively hurries one away—and then there is such a majesty of guilt about him—it actually 'awes one's spirit,' as a clerical friend of mine observed. But he is not intended for a perfect character. He has his failings."

"Is murder one of them?"

"It is," said she.

"And how many murders does this high-minded man commit?"

"Three, I think—yes—three—his wife, his child, and his wife's grandmother. But then you know it is for love of the heroine, and she is

betrothed to his mortal enemy, and he tries to kill him too, and fails.—Oh, how I pitied him ! Do read it—it is a noble picture ;—and, by the by, talking of pictures, did I ever shew you one that I have of Louisa Darrell ? She had it done for me at Florence. I told her I would wear it ; you see,” said she, producing it, “ it is set so that it may be worn. I have never worn it—it is not the *mode*—but then, you know, I *might* wear it.”

She then gave it into Granby's hand, and in the transfer, a stone, which formed part of the setting, dropped out, and, upon farther examination, other parts appeared to be loose. Lady Harriet looked at it with dismay ; made some severe remarks upon the slovenly Italian that had used her so ill ; and decided at once to have it set afresh by an English jeweller. It also struck her (for she liked, as she said, to make men useful) that it would be a pretty commission for Henry Granby. “ Now, do take it for

me to Gray's," said she, "for I've a thousand other things to do; and tell them all about it, and direct them—do—and give them a little taste if you can."

"I shall be very happy to take it," said Granby, "but as for directing, I am really the worst person in the world."

"You know I never hear excuses," said Lady Harriet, "especially your modest ones; so—there—go—and be good, and do as I bid you."

Granby no longer attempted to resist, but received the miniature, and took his leave with a promise faithfully to execute his commission; and as he had nothing else at the time to do, went straight from Mr. Duncan's to Gray's shop, and gave the necessary directions; and in reply to the inquiry, as to where it was to be sent, not recollecting the number of Mr. Duncan's house, he gave his own card, and left the shop.

Scarcely a minute after this, and before he had gone a hundred yards, a carriage stopped at

the door, and two ladies got out. They were Lady Jermyn and her daughter. They soon became deeply immersed in jewellery ; and happy would it have been for one of the party if she had continued to be so absorbed. But at length Caroline, weary of witnessing Lady Jermyn, balancing in hopeless uncertainty between the prettier thing and the cheaper one, looked round for other objects of amusement, and cast her eyes upon the miniature of Miss Darrell. The likeness was very good, and as circumstances of painful interest had lately made her very familiar with that lady's face, she recognized the resemblance instantly. However, to be more secure against mistake, she asked the shopman whose it was. He did not know the name of the lady, but told her that it had been left a few minutes since by a gentleman whose name was Granby. "Granby?" said Caroline, faintly. "Yes, ma'am, a Mr. Granby, a youngish gentleman. He left this card," said the man, producing it.

Caroline drew down her veil, and turned away, to hide the expression of deep emotion which she felt aware must, in spite of herself, be strongly pictured in her countenance.

Nothing further passed openly on the subject ; for though Caroline was silent during the drive home, Lady Jermyn asked her no questions. In fact, there was no occasion for any ; for while apparently intent upon her jewellery, she had seen the picture in her daughter's hand, and had heard what passed. She therefore, with her usual caution, left Caroline to the full possession of her own thoughts, which were now of a very painful nature. That fact, the increasing probability of which had rapidly established itself in her mind, now seemed to receive a full and perfect confirmation. Blinded by her previous opinions, she was not sufficiently aware of the slender evidence which the present incident afforded. To her there appeared no reasonable doubt that the picture actually belonged to Granby ; and if so, how would she regard it

but as the gift of love to an accepted suitor ? Upon this persuasion she was now to act. Circumstances, as regarding herself and Granby, were now considerably altered ; and she must compel herself to look upon him in a very different point of view. Heretofore she had more than suspected his attachment to her ; but she must now regard him as the betrothed of another. It struck her, that her own conduct would now require a corresponding change ; for she felt, under these altered circumstances, no longer equal to the part she had hitherto been acting. Hitherto she had only been suppressing the display of a sentiment which she still thought it allowable in some degree to cherish, and in which, perhaps, at a future period, she might safely indulge. But she was now imperatively called upon to eradicate a hopeless passion,—a task which she considered as quite incompatible with the line of conduct she had lately adopted. Throughout her former assumption of indif-

ference, she was supported by a hope which had now left her ; and the additional painfulness of present circumstances greatly increased the difficulty of such a line of behaviour. She felt her weakness, and acknowledged that it was better to avoid him ; and this, if possible, she now determined to do.

CHAPTER VI.

My thoughts cannot propose a reason
Why I should fear or faint thus in my hopes
Of one so much endeared to my love ;
Some spark it is, kindled within the soul,
Whose light yet breaks not to the outward sense,
That propagates this timorous respect.

The Case is Altered.—BEN JONSON.

CAROLINE met Granby a few evenings afterwards at Almack's. He was almost the first person she saw on coming up stairs, as she was going to enter the ball-room. Lady Jermyn, in high good humour from her success in obtaining subscriptions for herself and daughter, and pleased with Granby for being also seen in so proper a place, very graciously accosted him, and they talked together for several minutes ; during which time Caroline hung back, and

turned away her head, as if to preclude the possibility of being addressed by him in her turn.

Granby remarked this, and was hurt at it. He thought it argued more than indifference; it was something very like aversion: and, with a fickleness which perhaps is not altogether unnatural, he wished to be again treated in the manner which he had thought lately so intolerable. This impression once received, and his mind in consequence actively alive to every point in her behaviour, he suffered nothing to escape him, watched her attentively throughout the evening, and saw and understood the reason of many of her little manoeuvres. One instance of avoidance on her part he particularly noticed. He was standing under the music gallery, leaning against one of the pillars, in conversation with a lady who was sitting there, when Caroline came up, conducted by Courtenay, who was looking about for a seat for her. There was a vacant chair not far from Granby, — whose face was par-

tially concealed by the pillar, so that Caroline, in approaching, did not recognize him ; and she was just going to accept it, when Granby, on hearing Courtenay's voice, turned his head, and she saw that she was on the very point of subjecting herself to that which she so earnestly wished to avoid. She hesitated and hung back, and turning to Courtenay, said that she had rather pass onwards. " But you mentioned a seat, I thought," said Courtenay, who was rather surprised at her now refusing what she seemed to wish a moment before,—“ if you wish one, had not you better stay here ?”

“ Oh, no, not here,” said Caroline.

“ But why not here ?” said he, disappointed at finding that his chase for a chair was not yet to terminate.

“ I had rather not sit under the gallery,” said she, endeavouring to give the colour of a reason to her refusal.

“ Then we will move of course,” said Courtenay ; “ but I'm afraid you will find there is not much choice of sitting room. Granby,” he

added, addressing him, "cannot you use your powerful influence in persuading Miss Jermyn to stay where she is?"

Granby's only answer was a cold bow to Miss Jermyn, and a quick glance of displeasure at Courtenay.

"That is really an elegant bow," said the latter, on whom the look had been totally lost; "but I'm afraid your dumb oratory will not succeed."

"I conclude *you* know what *will* succeed," said Granby, in a low deep tone, with a scornful smile upon his lips.

"Do I?" said Courtenay, quite unconscious of the real meaning of Granby's words; and was turning his head, with a smile on his countenance, to say something sportive to Miss Jermyn, when she eagerly interrupted him, by expressing a wish to join her party.

"Do you see them?" Courtenay inquired.

"Not at this moment," said she.

"Nor I," said Courtenay, looking round.

“ Granby,” he added, appealing to him again, with provoking pertinacity, “ we know you for a quick-sighted person—we are sure you can tell us where Lady Jermyn is ?”

“ I believe I *can* see some things,” said Granby, not noticing the latter part of his sentence, and prudently discharging his rising indignation through the safety-valve of sarcasm.

“ Some *things* ?” said Courtenay, with a careless laugh. “ We want you to see some *persons* now—and we will kindly dispense with all the rest, if you will only find out Lady Jermyn. Miss Jermyn, will you help me to bribe Granby to exert himself in your service, by some pretty compliment to his discernment ?”

Caroline was excessively distressed at this unlucky speech. The colour mounted instantly to her temples, and she vainly endeavoured to conceal it with her fan. Granby, who stood keenly regarding them, with a stubborn air of indignant defiance, understood full well the cause. But Courtenay had no clue to guide

him, and consequently received no other impression than that Miss Jermyn was suffering from the heat of the room.

“ I beg your pardon,” said he, “ for stopping here—I am sure you find this place too hot. Tell me where you would like to go.”

“ Anywhere for air—towards the door, or that open window,” said she, in a faint voice; and she leaned languidly (fondly, as it seemed to Granby) upon Courtenay’s arm, as she moved away.

If a look could stab, Granby’s at that moment had been fatal. A quick review of the past scene was almost too much for his endurance. Word pressed on word, in his recollection, look on look, gesture on gesture, till he had hastily accumulated an aggravated map of injury, and his heart swelled at the retrospect, almost to bursting. To have the estranged object of his affections paraded before him, by the insulting rival whom he had once called friend; purposely detained to display her aversion, and

gall him by her presence; and then, as if this were not enough, to be made the sport of his persecutor—to be gaily and triumphantly bantered, with all the affectation of friendly familiarity, and to be goaded into frenzy, by insidious words of double meaning! A fearful chaos of strong passions struggled in his breast for mastery; but he remembered the place in which he was, and the observation which would soon be attracted by the exhibition of feelings, so little consonant with the scene around him; and, with a violent effort, he suppressed all outward symptoms of emotion. He was externally calm: but the fire within only burned the fiercer, for this attempt to smother it in its rage; and he soon found, that next to the possession of such agonizing feelings, there is no torture equal to that which is produced by the necessity of concealing them.

Granby was in no humour to philosophise, or he might now have reflected how much the real enchantment of a scene is dependent

upon the sentiments with which we view it. He was placed in the midst of one of the most brilliant and captivating, to a youthful eye, that London could afford; and yet in his heart he would that moment have preferred the gloomiest desert. The present spectacle floated before him like a feverish half-waking dream, from which, in vain, he strove to rouse himself. Every object that was around him, all he saw, and all he heard, was shaded with a gloomy tint. The lively music was a senseless jingle; the brilliant light seemed cold and livid; the gaiety of the dance was impertinent and unfeeling; every look appeared directed towards him alone, with an air of scrutiny; every smile seemed pointed with derision; and the light gay laugh which caught his ear, rang only with the fancied tone of mockery and insult.

His situation was intolerable; and yet he felt, as it were, rooted to the spot, without the power of escaping from a scene that was so displeasing.

All at once, however, the spell was broken, and he began to wonder at his folly, in condemning himself to an useless penance. He, therefore, prepared to quit the ball-room, and edged his way with all possible expedition towards the door. When he had almost reached it, he saw before him, at a short distance, Caroline and Courtenay, who were pursuing the same course. At this moment, Caroline looked back and saw him—her head was turned away again in an instant, and he thought she appeared to quicken her pace. “Does she think,” said he to himself, “that I am following her? no, the time for that is past—she shall soon be undeceived,” and he walked back again up the room, and forced his way into the midst of a circle surrounding a party of waltzers. He neither knew nor cared who were near him; nor did he even see the twirling couples at whom he appeared to be looking.

“Mr. Granby, don’t you waltz?” was at

length asked by a female voice that he thought he knew; and turning round to answer the question, he found Lady Jermyn at his elbow. His answer was, that he sometimes waltzed, but that he had no intention of doing so that night.

“It is a pretty, elegant dance,” said Lady Jermyn, “particularly when they go round smoothly, and the gentlemen don’t stick their elbows out. It is a pity there’s no variety in it—I don’t let Caroline waltz—indeed she does not wish it herself. Some people think it not correct—what is the opinion of you gentlemen? for you know you ought to be great authority in these cases.”

“I really hardly know how to hazard an opinion on a point so much disputed,” said Granby, successfully endeavouring to regain composure, and glad of an opportunity to divert his thoughts by conversing on a subject which had no possible connection with his late in-

quietude. "It seems to me that no precise rule of correctness or incorrectness can be laid down, that shall equally apply to every person. It is very much a matter of feeling. Those who engage in it with their scruples still unsatisfied, act, I think, improperly; and I must confess that I never like waltzing with any lady that is prudish about it. If she is doubtful whether she does right in waltzing, she certainly ought not to waltz at all."

"Certainly—Mr. Granby—certainly—your opinion coincides exactly with my own. That is just what I have always said. Waltz or not, I say to people, just as you please; I draw no line, I tell them; I never like to be censorious. But, by the by, can you tell me where my daughter is?"

"I believe Miss Jermyn is somewhere near the door."

"Dear!—I dare say she is looking for me—Mr. Granby—you are not dancing—perhaps—

might I take the liberty—perhaps you would have the goodness to step to her, and tell her where she may find me.”

The blood rushed into Granby's face at this unexpected request. He could give utterance to no reply, and only bowed his head partly in token of assent, and partly to conceal the surprise and embarrassment which he was sure must be perceptible. He did conceal it from Lady Jermyn, whose attention was at that instant diverted to another person—a person by whom the embarrassment of Granby was not unobserved, but by whom, nevertheless, it was mistaken for the flush of pleasure. That other person was Mr. Trebeck. He was one of the waltzers, and had stopped designedly with his partner before the place where Granby and Lady Jermyn were standing, and had overheard the few last words which passed between them. He turned half round to watch their effect, and saw what has already been described.

Lady Jermyn had throughout the evening been indefatigably labouring to regain her former intimacy with this fashionable personage, of whose high claims to her respect she had never been so fully sensible as now that she beheld him in his true arena. But, alas! these laudable endeavours had not been eminently successful. Once, when she found him standing near her, she had manœuvred for the honour of his arm to conduct her through the crowd, and threw out many ingenious fears on the difficulty of reaching the other end of the room. But Trebeck had the skill to assume a perfect want of comprehension, whenever it suited him to do so. This he now performed so well, that she actually believed he did not understand her, and was just preparing to summon courage, and ask him boldly to be her escort, when he, who had anticipated what was coming, prevented her by a timely retreat. At another time, when Caroline was disengaged, she threw out to another lady,

in Trebeck's hearing, many pertinent observations touching her daughter's love of dancing,—which, being addressed to a female auditor who had no sons of her own, could not appear like begging for a partner. Trebeck both heard and understood ! but he was firm to his principles, and did not commit himself by an offer of his services ; and was secretly amused at what he thought the ignorant presumption of Lady Jermyn's expectations. Here, in the very focus of fashion, so to condescend ! It was impossible, he thought ; and he was half inclined to teach her ladyship a lesson of prudence and humility. But policy restrained him from exhibiting any marked neglect : and though in the midst of the ball-room at Almack's he could not conveniently be very intimate, yet mere civility was safe for him, and might be satisfactory to her, and to this he determined to confine himself.

But we must return to Henry Granby, who walked away on receiving his charge from Lady

Jermyn, with feelings of no enviable kind. To be thus forced, through his own act, into that which he manœuvred to avoid, was galling in the extreme ; and the colour of shame and vexation which glowed in his cheek, did not very quickly leave it. The message, too, was trivial, and might be supposed to be self-sought, or even invented ; and this was another mortifying thought. In short, he found that the more he considered it, the worse it seemed ; and that if he gave much time for reflection, he should not be able to deliver it at all. He therefore sought out Caroline and Courtenay, caught sight of them, summoned all the coolness he was master of, and walked towards them in that quick, direct, decided manner, which should show at once that he had something to communicate.

Caroline's heart beat quick as he approached ; for from the *empressement* of his manner, she anticipated the request of her hand for a dance, or at any rate a long conversation, which to her, under present circumstances, must ne-

cessarily be a painful one. She was, therefore, considerably surprised, when Granby, with a ghastly effort at composure, merely said, in his coldest, driest tone, "Miss Jermyn, Lady Jermyn has desired me to tell you, that you will find her towards the middle of the room, on the right hand side, near the waltzers."—So saying, he walked on, passed hastily through the doors, and in a few seconds was on the pavement of King-street.

He had indeed passed a painful evening. The only gratifying circumstance that presented itself in the retrospect was the increased cordiality of manner which had been displayed by Lady Jermyn. Yet even this came coupled with a regret, that such a testimony of returning kindness should have appeared at a time when, through the estrangement of the daughter, he began to lose almost his only motive for desiring it. But had he known the real cause of this change of manner in Lady Jermyn, both the

pleasure and regret would have been sensibly diminished.

Never were two apparently opposing facts more nearly connected than Caroline's coldness and her mother's cordiality. The shrewd, observant eye of the latter, had seen with secret satisfaction the recent diversion of Henry's attentions, and the consequent effect upon her daughter's mind. She herself was half-persuaded, especially after the adventure of the picture, that these attentions to Miss Darrell did mean something: but whether they did or not, at any rate Granby became no longer formidable, in the only point of view in which she had lately been accustomed to regard him. She therefore thought that it was now safe to pave the way, by little civilities, towards a resumption of their former footing. She had also additional reasons, of a minor description, for accosting him graciously at Almack's; for she was pleased to find a relation of the family on so

good a footing in fashionable society; and she also found, to her mortification, that her own acquaintance in this select assemblage was rather limited; and being always possessed with a *besoin de parler*, she was glad to exchange a few words with a young man who appeared to be so well received.

CHAPTER VII.

For whatsoever good by any said
Or done, she heard, she would straight-waies invent
How to deprave, or slanderously upbraid,
Or to misconstrue of a man's intent,
And turn to ill the thing that well was meant.
Therefore she used often to resort
To common haunts, and companies frequent,
To track what any one did good report,
To blot the same with blame, or wrest in wicked sort.
And if that any ill she heard of any,
She would it eke, and make it worse by telling,
And take great joy to publish it to many,
That every matter worse was for her melling.
Her name was hight Detraction. SPENSER.

SINCE the first introduction at Mrs. Henley's, Granby had seen very little of Trebeck. That gentleman was not a person to be seen everywhere. No one knew better where and when he ought to shew himself; and he had a laudable horror of making himself cheap in the eyes of the world, by too frequent exhibitions of his distinguished self. Granby had therefore only been nodded to once or twice in pub-

lic ; and nothing had passed between them that deserved the name of conversation. He had paid him, however, the high compliment of a call : for one day, on Granby's return to dress, after having gone out earlier than usual, he found on his table a scrap torn off the back of a letter, with Trebeck's name and address in pencil, which his servant told him was left by a gentleman, who stopped at the door in a cabriolet, and who found, upon search, that he had no card. The aforesaid scrap, as it could not serve to decorate his card-rack, (a destination which Trebeck doubtless wished to avoid,) Granby, after taking a note of the address, committed to the flames. He returned the visit the following day, but Trebeck was "not at home;" and this is pretty nearly all that hitherto had passed between them.

Two days after the above scenes at Almack's, as Granby was walking towards home, a shower of rain came on, and he was just quickening his pace, when a cabriolet, which was driving

past him, drew up near the flags, and he heard himself called to by name. It was Mr. Trebeck.

“Granby, you’ll be wet,” said Trebeck: “we seem to be going the same way—will you get in?”

Granby was gratified by the civility; but as it was very unexpected, hesitated about accepting it.

“Come in—quick, will you—my horse won’t stand,” said Trebeck, putting out his hand, and helping him hastily into the cabriolet; “and now let me ask you, where are you going?”

“Home to Mount-street,” said Granby.

“Are you in any hurry?”

“Not in the least.”

“Then perhaps you’ll excuse me, if I take you a little round—I have a few cards to leave here and there—I shall not get out—there will be little or no delay.”

On they drove—Trebeck talking all the while very gaily and amusingly, and entertaining his

•

companion with a good deal of select scandal of the newest description. He then entered into much light pleasantry on matrimonial topics; ironically lamented the fashionable prevalence of celibacy; and mentioned a good many of his acquaintance, who decidedly were not marrying men. Among these he named Lord Chesterton.

"I thought," said Granby, "there was a report that Lord Chesterton was going to be married."

"Oh!" said Trebeck, smiling—"what, to Miss Jermyn? So there was—but there was nothing in that—at least nothing serious, I can assure you—I saw the whole of that affair—it certainly began in a promising manner—but there was no little trifling in the case."

"You think there was?" said Granby, inquiringly.

"Undoubtedly—and it was very natural."

"But very unworthy," said Granby. "I should not have thought Lord Chesterton would have acted such a part."

“ Lord Chesterton !” said Trebeck. “ It was not he—it was the lady that trifled.”

“ Indeed !” said Granby, with undisguisable surprise. “ But how can Miss Jermyn be accused of trifling, if she never gave Lord Chesterton any encouragement ?”

“ If !” said Trebeck—“ Ay, I grant you—but suppose she did ?”

Granby was about to express his doubts with considerable warmth, but prudence checked his tongue.

Trebeck carelessly proceeded. “ Ay, there she did not judge amiss. Chesterton was worth encouragement. Old Banbury, the father, has thirty thousand a year at least. Mamma had probably drilled her a little—and I don t know whether she might not have caught him, if she had gone on as prudently as she began ; but she is not sufficiently practised yet.”

“ Do you think, then,” said Granby, with suppressed emotion, “ that she is likely to become one of your mere establishment-seekers ?”

“Faith!” said Trebeck, “that is more than I can tell—I have hardly seen enough of her to know. However, she seemed to me to promise fairly. But in fact,” pursued he, in a more confidential tone, “Chesterton, though very desirable as a husband for those who are seeking for rank and fortune, is terribly heavy as a suitor—he brings up such a long battering train of clumsy, round-about speeches. He has none of your soft, sly, sentimental small shot. That is the attack the ladies prefer. They like to be pelted with sugar plums, as we used to do at Rome, in the Carnival.—No—poor Chesterton!—ha! ha! ha!—she really used him rather ill.”

“How so?” said Granby, as calmly as he could.

“Why, girls will be girls. They like admiration, as you and I know; and this Miss Jermyn liked a little more, or rather, liked it better served up, than Chesterton, poor fellow, had the means to afford. She is a little bit of a monopolist into the bargain. She was not content at

Hemingsworth without grasping at substance and shadow too."

"I don't understand you exactly," said Granby.

"Don't you? Well, then, Chesterton was the substance, and the shadow was—your humble servant."

"You?" exclaimed Granby, utterly confounded at this unexpected piece of intelligence.

Trebeck marked his perplexity with a smile. "Even I," he added, with a humorous air of mock humility; "and I had excellent sport I assure you. There is nothing better than a little foolery, when one is shut up with a party in the country; and this Miss Jermyn was just the girl; and then she looked all the while so quiet and demure, that, faith! you would never have suspected it. That was what amused me most. I really had some excellent scenes. I was in the house with them for a week or more. It was a very passable entertainment."

Granby strongly compressed his lips, as if to

restrain the keen retort which burned for utterance on his tongue. "What!" thought he, "had Caroline—his Caroline—been the sport, the toy of this heartless coxcomb!" and he felt as if he almost longed to kick Trebeck out of the vehicle. However, mastering his indignant feelings, he calmly observed that he never could have suspected Miss Jermyn's character, such as Mr. Trebeck had described.

"What! then you are acquainted with her?" said Trebeck.

"I have known the family for some time," replied Granby, half angry with himself as he said it, for having stooped to make so indirect an answer.

"But she is so young," pursued Trebeck, "that you could hardly have known her but as a child. There is no telling what girls are, till they are past the bread-and-butter age, and fairly *out*. They then pass at once into a completely different sort of life. It often makes an amazing change in them."

Granby felt that all this might be very true, and he smothered a sigh and remained silent. Trebeck went on talking with the same gay, rattling, easy indifference—steering his cabriolet very dexterously through the various obstacles of a crowded street, and seeming to think as much of his driving as of the subject on which he was talking.

“I believe,” said he, “I should have had rather a dull week at Daventry’s, if it had not been for Chesterton and his intended; though, really, it was rather a shame to use poor Chesterton as we did. You can have no idea of our little cabals and manœuvres, to avoid him and keep him at bay. I believe she thought he was rather too cold and indifferent, and that it might be useful to play off a rival.”

Granby here made a gesture of impatience.

“But however that might be,” pursued Trebeck, “we soon arrived at an excellent mutual understanding. I never thought, at first, that she would have come to it so readily. We had

such schemes and counter-schemes, and plots and confidences, and such charming little mysteries about nothing! and then we had our secret signals; for we ingeniously contrived, when we did not wish to be understood by the rest of the company, to carry on communication by signs. We found it the easiest thing in the world. She talks uncommonly well with her fingers."

Granby knew that she did; for it was an art which formerly he had often for amusement practised with her; and he was seriously grieved at this confirmation of the accuracy of Trebeck's statement.

"You cannot conceive," pursued Trebeck, watching the workings of his companion's countenance, with much of that cool philosophic spirit with which the great Spallanzani humanely marked the progress of dissection in a live duck—"you cannot conceive on what confidential terms we were. I believe she thought I meant something; but I hope she is undeceived

by this time. You know it would never do, here in town, to be playing the fool with a country Miss."

Every one of these words was a stab to Granby. "Mr. Trebeck," he exclaimed, in a tone of indignation, which, though he contrived to moderate, he could not altogether repress—"Mr. Trebeck! these imputations—" and here he checked himself, for he saw that it was in vain to question statements which he had no means of contradicting, and that his zeal in Caroline's cause was urging him beyond the bounds of prudence.

"Imputations!" said Trebeck, looking him full in the face, with a good-humoured air of astonishment; "what *are* you talking about? Were you actually going to enter the lists in defence of this Miss Jermyn? Why, what a Quixote you must be! You will find very few in these degenerate days who are worthy even to be your Squire. Besides, you are choosing an unfortunate cause for your *coup d'essai*; for

Miss Jermyn is no distressed damsel, I assure you, who requires the services of a volunteer knight, but one who can provide protectors for herself; ay, and a protector for life, if I am not mistaken."

Granby could bear this no longer. "I'll not trouble you to take me farther," said he, as they drove into Berkeley-square.

"No trouble at all," said Trebeck; "I'm going up the Square, and by Mount-street. I'll take you on with a great deal of pleasure. But now, as to these imputations, Granby, which somehow or other you seem to think so much about—upon my honour, I never cast any imputations, or meant to do so. What did I say? Nothing, I'm sure, that meant any harm. Miss Jermyn is a very nice, good-humoured sort of girl, and has only that one little foible—a love of attracting and receiving attentions; and you know, Granby, we men are not often disposed to quarrel with *that*. Faith! I believe for my own part, I

liked her all the better for it. But for that little interesting weak point, she would have been rather a stupid sort of person. Every body has their *côté ridicule*, if you can but find it out; and they are always pleasanter, to my mind, after you have discovered it: and so it was with this Miss Jermyn."

Granby's forbearance was now exhausted; but it luckily happened that his drive terminated at the same instant. They were now at the beginning of Mount-street, and with a very brief and cold expression of his thanks, he desired to be set down. He received Trebeck's friendly shake of the hand, with somewhat of that shudder of abhorrence with which he would have stroked the back of a toad—leaped eagerly out of the cabriolet—and, without bestowing another look on it or its possessor, walked at a quick pace towards his lodgings; while Trebeck, after drawing on his glove, drove triumphantly up Davies-street.

It will probably be evident to our readers

that the conduct of this gentleman, with regard to Granby, had in no respect been actuated either by good-nature or mere caprice. Those of his acquaintance who knew him best could safely say that he never acted without a motive ; nor in this instance had he departed from his usual rule ; for since his introduction to our hero, nothing that he had said or done, had been said or done without design. As he had not yet solved his doubts with respect to Miss Jermyn's future inheritance, so neither did he relinquish the plans of conquest which he had formed. Aware that he possessed no hold on her affections, it was his first object to keep all rivals at a distance, till he had satisfied himself whether she were really worth the winning. Of these rivals, the chief, perhaps the only one whose influence he had cause to fear, he firmly believed to be Henry Granby. Under this impression he sought an introduction, in order that he might thereby have it in his power to examine more narrowly the terms they were upon, and

step in, should occasion require, to widen the existing breach. From what he had at first seen, he flattered himself that Lady Jermyn would work so industriously against Granby, that there would be little occasion for his interference. In this persuasion he remained till a few nights back—when, while waltzing at Almack's, he saw, to his dismay and surprise, Lady Jermyn and Henry Granby apparently engaged in close and friendly conversation. He came near them, as we have already mentioned, and heard, with increased astonishment, Lady Jermyn dispatch Granby on a message to her daughter. It was plain, therefore, that Granby had in some way or other made his peace, and his own hopes of co-operation from her ladyship were utterly at an end; and, consequently, it was time that he should now begin to depend on his own resources.

Under these new circumstances, it struck Trebeck, that in no way could he better effect his purpose than by instilling jealousy and distrust into the mind of his rival. He was also

conscious that to the feelings of a lover, no faults are so little venial in the object of his affections, as fickleness of heart, and an overweening desire for the admiration of others. The accusations, too, which imply these faults, are generally of a vague description, and therefore less dangerous to the accuser. An artful misrepresentation of circumstances which had passed at Hemingsworth, would not only enable him to affix these stigmas, but even should Granby (which was very unlikely) repeat these calumnies to Caroline, it would be no very easy matter for her to clear herself in the eyes of her jealous and suspicious lover. With these views he went to obtain an interview with Granby, and was on his road to call upon him, when accident threw in his way an opportunity for a *tête-à-tête*—of which, as we have seen, he promptly availed himself.

CHAPTER VIII.

I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not,
As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

As you Like it.

THE prevailing feeling with which Granby parted from Trebeck, was indignation against that personage. But this feeling gradually subsided, and was painfully succeeded by increasing distrust of the object of his calumnies. He tried to view in various lights the conduct of Trebeck, and recalled his looks and words with scrupulous fidelity. But in all these he saw no ground for suspecting the truth of his representations. Nothing arose that could aid him to repel them, but his previous confidence in Caroline—a confidence which now tottered. It seemed to him

impossible that Trebeck should have spoken from design. What object could he have in view? And could he even be supposed to have an object, his air of frank, unguarded ease would certainly have removed suspicion. Was it vanity that made him speak? This also was improbable. It was not likely that Trebeck should plume himself on having attracted the girlish admiration of one who, however charming, was so little known in fashionable circles. Did he bear ill-will to Caroline? By no means:—on the contrary, he seemed disposed to palliate her faults, and candidly acknowledged his own participation in her offence. And then, the specific fact he mentioned — the manual conversation — assuredly he would never dare to invent this; and it was plain that something of the kind had occurred, by his having known that she could practise it.

There was also, apparently, a sad confirmation of the truth of what Trebeck had hinted, in the recent behaviour of Caroline to himself. To

what could her change be so easily attributed, as to fickleness and coquetry? The strength of the probability seemed to increase the longer he considered it; and he soon worked himself up to a melancholy persuasion of the correctness of his suspicions.

Happily it was now probable that these doubts would soon be solved. An opportunity was presented, such as he had never hitherto possessed; for he had received and accepted an invitation from Mrs. Dormer, to meet the Jermyns on the morrow at dinner.

With an anxious and a beating heart did Granby repair to Mrs. Dormer's. He half-wondered at himself for feeling so much on this occasion, after the embarrassments of an interview had been so smoothed by frequent meetings. But he had never hitherto gone into society with such a positive certainty of encountering them; nor in the crowded parties in which he saw them, had he ever been thrown into such close communication as he must now necessarily

expect. He thought too, with some uneasiness, of Mrs. Dormer's ignorance of the coolness that existed, and he dreaded some unlucky *contre-temps*, which might throw confusion over all the party. Never, though not habitually a coxcomb, was he more solicitous about his appearance; and never felt more disposed to quarrel with his tailor's handywork, or his own adjustment of a cravat.

Arrived at Mrs. Dormer's, he found the Jermyn family already there; and now he felt that the trial was really come; especially as he met Sir Thomas Jermyn, in this instance, for the first time since their coolness. He had prepared himself for a cold reception; but was agreeably relieved from his fears, by seeing that gentleman step forward, and civilly and promptly shake him by the hand; while Lady Jermyn greeted him with the same gracious smile which she had ventured to bestow a few nights before.

He was gratified by these attentions, and his spirits were proportionably raised. Dinner was

announced ; and he then offered his arm to Caroline, and occupied a seat next to her—wondering at the same time not a little, at the situation in which he found himself. Placed by her, he exerted himself to entertain her, and behaving as if nothing *particular* had ever occurred, he talked cheerfully of their common acquaintance, the scenes in which they had lately met, and various topics of the day.

But in this strain he was not long able to proceed. Caroline gave him no encouragement to talk to her ; heard what he said always with coldness, if not occasionally with an air of impatience ; returned mere answers to his questions, and turned away whenever a pause permitted her, and addressed herself to an elderly gentleman on the other side, whose powers of entertainment Granby considered, and with justice, to be very inferior to his own.

Thus repulsed, he soon became silent ; and as the insinuations of Trebeck were recalled to his mind, he was inclined to think that their

truth was not altogether improbable. He then half formed an angry resolution, not to bestow upon her another word during the rest of that evening. But he soon recalled his purpose, and questioned himself in what respect he had ever given cause of offence sufficient to produce such marked aversion. Except the original ground of quarrel with the family, he could think only of his attentions to Miss Darrell, as likely to have produced so serious a change; and it sensibly soothed his ire to imagine that jealousy might be the cause. He therefore began to talk to her again, and brought round the conversation as naturally as he could to Miss Darrell. At first the mention of that name evidently excited Caroline's attention; but as he proceeded to speak of her in a careless, though satirical manner, which was certainly well calculated to dispel all jealousy, the cold indifference returned, the eye even seemed to darken with displeasure, and an air of disdain was visible on her countenance.

Granby, heedless of these symptoms, pro-

ceeded with his topic, and while he spoke of Miss Darrell as better fitted for the meridian of a ball-room, than the quiet intercourse of domestic life—as one who was not a marriageable person, and of whose society he should soon be tired—he looked at Caroline to mark the effect of what he said, and saw only, in the place of pleasure, a scornful smile of proud contempt. He instantly stopped short, stung with the idea that she doubted the sincerity of his expressions; and was still more provoked when she turned away her head, as if she had heard enough on that subject, and again entered into conversation with the gentleman on the other side.

But his curiosity was still alive, and considering that reflection might have pleaded for him in Caroline's breast, he, after a long protracted silence, again endeavoured to converse. But his success was now less flattering than before, and her disinclination to answer, or even listen to him, became so evident, that he resigned the attempt in anger and despair.

Meanwhile Sir Thomas and Lady Jermyn had been very gracious in their manner, as if resolved to make up the deficiencies of favourable feeling exhibited by their daughter. After the ladies had retired, the former became exceedingly conversable—addressing himself particularly to Henry—inquiring kindly after many of his friends—and treating him, at last, with a full exposition of his political opinions.

“Egad, Sir,” said he, “people may say what they please, but the country is in a bad state. People may talk of peace, Sir, and prosperity, and increasing manufactures, and commercial relations, and this, and that, and the other ; but we are in a very ticklish condition. Why, only look at our population—see how frightfully that is increasing—and what are we to do with the surplus? And look at the random schemes afloat—their loans, and their companies, and what not, and one thing or another. Sir, they actually don’t care what they do with their money, now-a-days.”

"Then you don't regard a spirit of speculation as a sign of national prosperity?" said an old gentleman, who sat near him.

"I don't know whether it is a sign of national prosperity," said the Baronet; "but it is a sign of what I have often said, that many people are great fools."

"A very just remark," said the other, "and a very comprehensive one."

"And, then," pursued the Baronet, "only consider the shoals of people who go and spend their money abroad—what a drain that must be upon the capital of the country? And then look at foreign nations—see how prosperous they are becoming. For my part, I don't like to croak, but depend upon it they are growing too strong for us."

"As long as we remain at peace," said Granby, "I should think it were for the benefit of a commercial nation, like our own, to be surrounded by wealthy customers."

"Ah, Sir, you are young and sanguine," said

the Baronet; "but, take my word for it, we are going wrong in many respects. Only look at our great towns—uninhabitable from smoke, as I have been informed by a Member of our House. Reflect, too, on the dreadful increase of poachers. Sir, within my memory, poaching has increased—I can hardly tell how much."

"Has it increased," said Granby, "in a greater proportion than game?"

"Oh! God knows—but, whether or not, it is a shocking sign of the times. And, then, taxation, gentlemen, taxation—think of that—think how they grind us—think of those assessed taxes. I spoke my mind, the other day, to a friend in office, Dick Darnley, brother of Sir Joseph. He has got a place in the Treasury. We had a little talk on this very subject. 'Why, Dick,' said I, 'what are you folks in office thinking of, that you don't come forward handsomely, and relieve us gentlemen, by taking off those cursed taxes?' Dick said something (I forget exactly what) about relief elsewhere, and pro-

moting the interests of commerce. 'Commerce!' said I, 'never talk to me of commerce. Remember the saying of the great Wyndham—' 'Perish our consti——' pshaw! what is it? 'Perish our commerce, let our constitution 'live!'

"It is fortunate," said Granby, "we are not yet reduced to that terrible alternative."

"Egad, it is," said Sir Thomas. "Well, Sir, my friend Darnley had nothing to say in answer to this. He only nodded, and smiled—as if he would have said something if he could. 'Dick,' said I, 'assisting commerce in your way, is all a hum. Depend upon it you will assist it much better by leaving gentlemen more to spend. It is the circulation, Dick,' said I, 'it is the circulation that does the good. Why, only to give you myself as an instance—I vow to Heaven, if it was not for those confounded taxes, I should keep an extra carriage, another helper, and two more saddle horses.'"

"Pray, Sir Thomas," said the old gentle-

man who had before spoken, "don't you generally vote with Ministers?"

"You are perfectly right—I do," said the Baronet; "and I will let you into my reason for doing so. I think the people that are *in* are every bit as good as those who are *out*. Besides, the hands of the ministry must be strengthened—they must be strengthened, as I always say; but, Sir, a sensible, straight-forward, clear-sighted man, is not on that account to shut his eyes to existing abuses."

"Neither on that account nor any other," said the elderly gentleman. "Far be it from me to advise it. But, by the by, Sir Thomas, I think I can help you to a few more existing abuses, to which you have not yet alluded. What think you of rotten boroughs?"

The Baronet shuffled uneasily in his chair; for he thought of his own fifteen constituents.

"Perhaps," pursued his tormentor, "as you from personal experience are necessarily well

acquainted with the subject, you will tell us what can be said in their favour."

Sir Thomas, as his questioner expected, was not at that instant prepared for their defence, and looked rather blank at having the *onus probandi* thrown so suddenly upon his shoulders.

"I see no great harm in them," was his happy reply. "Do you?" appealing to Granby.

"I see no great harm in them either," said Granby; "and I think we may discover in them at least this advantage, that they afford the means of entering Parliament to many valuable and able men, who have neither the fortune nor the inclination to incur the trouble and expense necessary for encountering a contest, and securing the representation of a free borough, or a populous county."

It is very rare that an appellee can, by the same expressions, give equal satisfaction to both parties; but such was Granby's happy lot. Sir

Thomas Jermyn never doubted but that he alone was in Granby's mind when he spoke of "valuable and able men;" while the eyes of his opponent, who seized the words in an ironical acceptation, twinkled bright with sarcastic glee.

"An excellent observation, Sir," said Sir Thomas Jermyn, in that emphatic tone of approval, which happily blends a compliment to the person addressed with an assertion of the dignity of him who pays it. In fact, by this little unintentional flattery of the Baronet's vanity, Granby had begun to rise so high in his esteem, that, with much apparent interest, Sir Thomas Jermyn commenced an inquiry into his mode of spending his time in London; regretted that he had seen so little of him; talked for a while, by way of preface, about the new town house which he had lately purchased; and concluded, as they walked up stairs from the dining-room to join the ladies, by actually giving him his address, and saying that he should be

at all times happy to see him whenever he would do him the favour to call.

After so direct and flattering an overture, which set at rest all anxious fears on the subject of reconciliation, it was natural that Granby should enter the drawing-room with lightened spirits, and a diminished sense of Caroline's previous unkindness. This diffused an animated gaiety over his countenance and manner, which, however ingratiating in the eyes of most of the party present, had a contrary effect on the mind of Caroline, who regarded it as a proof of the slight influence upon his spirits which could now be produced by any exhibition of coldness in her.

Granby, piqued by her previous conduct, was half resolved to stand aloof. But he felt too happy in the returning friendship of her parents to retain this angry resolution long. He also was excited by no inconsiderable curiosity, to try the effect of his announcement of this new

posture of affairs. But pride still fought within him; and instead of freely giving way to the natural expression of his pleasurable feelings, he assumed an air of unconcern, and after some trivial prefatory remarks about their recent change of residence, carelessly introduced, as if scarce worthy to be mentioned, the interesting fact of Sir Thomas Jermyn's invitation, and his own consequent intention of paying them an early visit.

In conveying this intelligence he was very attentive to the manner in which it was received by Caroline; and was instantly convinced, that at any rate it was not received with indifference. There was a slight start of surprise, a momentary blush, a sudden quiver of the lip, and a quick withdrawal of the eyes, which indicated strong emotion; but in all this there was no pleasure. The impression on the mind, however modified, was certainly of a painful nature; and this conviction was to Granby so depressing, that he felt no courage to prolong the conversation.

A long and embarrassing pause ensued—each being too much occupied with their own distressing speculations, to find it easy to recur to ordinary topics. Fortunately, at this moment Mrs. Dormer came up, with a request to Caroline to try the instrument, and favour them with some music. Both felt internally grateful for this seasonable relief, and Caroline gladly and promptly complied, though her spirits were in a state little fitted for the enjoyment of such a recreation. Granby did not immediately follow her, but hovered about for some time, in a sort of moody listlessness, and at length approached the piano-forte.

Caroline, after singing one of the national melodies, next selected the following beautiful French song:

“ Dans un délire extrême,
On veut fuir ce qu'on aime :
On veut se venger ;
On jure de changer ;
On devient infidèle ;
On court de belle en belle ;
Mais on revient toujours,
A ses premiers amour.”

It is not often that much attention is paid to the words of a song; particularly French or Italian ones; the greater part of which, indeed, would be found little worthy of that attention, even if we were disposed to pay it. In these the music is the object, while the words are only the insipid vehicle: and it must be confessed, that most amateur vocalists, whether ladies or gentlemen, considerably confine our attention to the former, by their absolutely unintelligible manner of pronouncing the latter.

Fully impressed with this prevailing notion, that the words of the song meant nothing, did Miss Jermyn begin to sing the romance above mentioned; and not till she had nearly arrived at the end of the first stanza, did she make the discovery, that it not only meant something, but a something which very closely and unpleasantly applied itself to the supposed defection of Henry Granby. And that she should sing it in his presence, and, as he might probably suppose, with a view of reproaching

him with his past conduct, was a reflection peculiarly distressing. The humiliation and indelicacy of such a step were not to be incurred on any account. And then the flattering promise of returning love, contained in the two last lines ! How could she venture to utter those ? In truth she could not. The time was past when she could feelingly have adopted their sentiments as her own ; and their present mockery was too severe. When she came to these, her voice faltered—she sang out of tune—blundered with the accompaniment—coloured, hesitated, and at last tried, with bad success, to carry off her confusion under a forced laugh,—declaring that the song was too high for her.

“ Had not you better try it, my love, in a lower key ? ” said Lady Jermyn from the sofa—never dreaming what the song was about.

All keys were alike to Caroline, who said she could not sing the song that night, and eagerly turned over the leaf in search of some-

thing less pointedly applicable. Granby, meanwhile, who had noticed with surprise the abrupt termination of the last performance, was vainly pondering upon the cause—doubtful whether it proceeded from mere inability in the performer to do what she considered proper justice to the song, or from any painful associations which it raised; but he had been attending only to the music, and, consequently, as he could not satisfy himself as to the nature of these associations, he was inclined to attribute it to the former cause.

Caroline now selected an Italian song, and having first assured herself that the words contained no embarrassing allusion, proceeded to sing it with increased confidence, and considerable taste and effect. Granby advanced nearer, and was prepared to express his admiration; Lady Jermyn also came from the sofa to her daughter's side.

“My love,” said she, as soon as it was over,

“is not that the song which Mr. Courtenay said he admired so much?”

“Yes, it is, mamma,” was Caroline’s answer.

The half-formed compliment died on Granby’s lips, and he walked away towards the fire. But his evil stars prevailed against him; for Lady Jermyn faced about and pursued him thither, with the most unacceptable of all themes at that luckless moment—the praises of his friend Courtenay. Thus tormented, he meditated a departure; but Lady Jermyn was drawn off by Mrs. Dormer, and at the same instant Sir Thomas Jermyn began to talk to him, and precluded the immediate possibility of escape.

Caroline had left her music, and seated herself at a table apart, where she was turning over books and trinkets, with the listless, uninterested manner of one who strives to escape from her own thoughts, and grasps the more at entertainment from surrounding objects, in proportion as she is less capable of receiving it.

Granby perceived this, and was again irresistibly tempted to engage her in conversation. There was a mystery in her behaviour, which he resolved if possible to fathom; and he was also bent upon obtaining either refutation or confirmation of the remarks thrown out by Trebeck. He therefore began by talking to her about that gentleman, and tried to draw from her some account of the visit to Hemingsworth, and his behaviour there. But Caroline was very reserved, and in the little she did say respecting Trebeck, was evidently ill at ease, and could not bring herself to mention his name as if he was an indifferent person.

Granby's suspicions now rapidly increased, and he persevered in prosecuting the topic. "Trebeck," said he, at length, "is a clever, entertaining person, and one whom it would always be agreeable to have on the footing of a common acquaintance: but intimacy would not be desirable. He is one whom I could not make my friend. He is one in whom I feel that

I could never place reliance, and he is decidedly the last person in the world whom I should dare to treat as a confident."

These words were uttered without any peculiar emphasis or change of tone; but his eye was intently fixed on Caroline, to mark the effect which they produced. The effect was but too visible: she cast a quick and hurried glance of fear and suspicion towards Granby as he spoke; then hastily averted her eyes—turned slightly pale—and with a nervous gesture of haste, snatched up a miniature from the table, and pretended to be occupied in examining it; while her wandering eye, tremulous hand, and quickened breath, evinced her state of agitation, and the complete abstraction of her mind from the object of her pretended contemplation.

Granby saw it all—saw too much for his own happiness. His worst suspicions were confirmed, and a melancholy conviction flashed upon his mind of the truth of what Trebeck had told

him. Nay, more, his imagination caught at ideas which Trebeck had never ventured to insinuate, and he half admitted the fearful thought, that her peace of mind might have been seriously affected by the insidious attentions of that mischievous and heartless person. If so, she might not be the vain coquet which Trebeck had represented ; but her affections would be engaged, and she would be equally lost to him.

As these distressing thoughts occurred, he gazed upon her with melancholy interest. But she had now recovered her self-possession, and her features, though serious, were composed ; till, as she raised her head, and encountered his grave and steadfast eye, they assumed a severe and to him inexplicable expression of indignant scorn. It was a scorn which arose from the sudden impression, that Granby had received intimations from Trebeck of the suspected insecurity of her fortune, and that the decay of his former love (if such it now deserved to be called) had sprung from mercenary motives. Firm in

conscious rectitude, she was also angry that he should have had the indelicacy to pursue his inquiries, in such a tone of scrutiny and suspicion.

To Granby, these causes of her scorn were necessarily unknown. But in default of them, he had formed others for himself; and had hastily and passionately imputed her disdainful glance, to a contemptuous comparison of his undistinguished self, with the far-famed, fashionable, talented Trebeck. It was too much: with such an impression rankling in his bosom, he could no longer endure her presence. He rose hastily, coldly wished her a good night, made his adieus to the rest of the circle, and retired.

On his return home, his eye fell on two cards for further engagements that night. But he was in no disposition to enter into fresh gaieties. During the next two hours he paced up and down his own apartment, talking sometimes half aloud, recalling all that recently occurred, and

gloomily meditating on its import. Caroline's manner troubled and perplexed him. There was much that he could not understand; yet nothing that he could interpret favourably; and the pains of uncertainty were not in this instance alleviated by hope. It was mortifying to perceive that jealousy had no place among the angry feelings with which she regarded him. His abjuration of Miss Darrell had been coldly, nay, even contemptuously received, and no happy change of demeanour followed this disavowal of affection for another. The cause of her displeasure lay elsewhere, and he knew not how to fathom it. He had been belied, he doubted not. Calumny must have been at work in throwing artful misrepresentations over his conduct. But what part of his conduct could it touch, unless it were his imprudent attentions to Miss Darrell? and it was plain that the evil lay not there.

The fickleness with which Caroline had been charged by Trebeck, might have disposed her

more easily to cast aside the slight remains of that affection which he was confident she once bore him, and give a credulous ear to well-applied slander. That such had been employed he could not doubt, and it only remained for him to learn by whom. He thought of Courtenay—could it be by him? Previous jealousy suggested the idea. But then he reflected on Courtenay's frank and generous nature, his high-minded honourable feelings, and the former intimacy of their friendship. But again jealousy got the better of this generous confidence in his friend's integrity, and whispered that Courtenay was the treacherous offender. "But I will know, and soon," said Granby; "I will unmask the slanderer, be he who he may, and trace detraction to its source. Intercourse is now permitted, and, however painful, I will seek it. I will see more, hear more, and either gain fresh hope, or learn to extinguish it entirely. Armed with the favour of the parents, an accepted visitor at their house, no idle delicacy shall re-

strain me from gathering, even from her own lips, the secret cause of her aversion."

This resolution, together with the hopes resulting from it, sensibly diminished the acuteness of his feelings. All might yet be unravelled and retrieved. Mutual explanations would ensue; mutual ardour would revive,—heightened by the successful termination of a lovers' quarrel; and, sanctioned by the now approving parents, Caroline would be still his own.

At the bare thought of this, a glow of pleasure burst upon his mind, like the gay and cheering gleam of sunshine that follows the dispersion of a thunder-storm. He seemed to have passed the climax of his misery; and his present prospect was bright and animating. He should enter on the morrow upon a course of operations of which he doubted not the eventual success; and with this resolution he retired to rest, where sleep surprised him still pondering on the doubtful future.

CHAPTER IX.

Il ne faut pas beaucoup se vanter de la jalousie dans les attachemens du cœur ; elle n'existe presque jamais que quand l'amour-propre l'emporte sur l'affection. CORINNE.

DURING the last three or four weeks, Granby had seen very little of Tyrrel, except occasionally at parties in the evening ; and even then, though his address and manner had been as friendly as usual, his communications were more brief, and his account of his plans and proceedings less copious and unreserved. At first, Granby saw him almost every day, and was less frequently the seeker than the sought. But for some time, since the evening of the whist party, and the subsequent discovery of the lock of hair, Tyrrel

had gradually declined in his attentions. Granby did not, however, apprehend any serious diminution of their former friendship; for Tyrrel, upon meeting him, always evinced an equal pleasure. But he nevertheless was rather uneasy at the change, and the feeling of desolate loneliness, which now began to occupy his mind, was every day augmented by the forbidding aspect of affairs between himself and Miss Jermyn, and the increasing distaste which he conceived for the society of his friend Courtenay. He longed at length for some one to whom he might unburthen his griefs; and he considered that as Tyrrel had already become acquainted with much, there was but little objection to informing him of the remainder, and making him a sort of friendly confidant.

On the morning after the dinner party at Mrs. Dormer's, Tyrrel called upon Granby, who, according to his late resolution, threw off part of his reserve, and introduced the subject of the last night's party—mentioning,

among other things, the unaccountable conduct of Caroline."

"It is not every girl of Miss Jermyn's age that knows her own mind," said Tyrrel, drily.

Granby was struck with the remark, from its exact accordance with the charges which had been thrown out by Trebeck. "Yes," said he, with a sigh, "it is very true—too true—and I do not know how otherwise I can account for her behaviour; for what cause of offence I can lately have given her, I cannot possibly conceive."

"I do not think it necessary to conclude that you have given her any," replied Tyrrel.

"Then you think that her behaviour may be accounted for in other ways?" said Granby.

"I should think so if I were you," was Tyrrel's reply.

Granby returned no answer, but sat in gloomy rumination.

"Hitherto," pursued Tyrrel, "you have never seen her but in the country, in a domestic circle at her father's house. You must not for-

get that this is her first season in town. She has probably been a good deal admired, and her head half-turned by this time."

"All this may be very true," said Granby; "but it does not account for her displeasure towards me."

"Then I do not know what does account for it," said Tyrrell; "but this I know, that were I in your situation, the first voluntary step towards a reconciliation should be made by her; and if she persisted in holding back, I would never trouble myself about her."

"That," said Granby, "is matter of feeling rather than of judgment, and every one must act according to his own suggestions."

"Of course—of course," replied Tyrrel, and seemed in an instant lost in thought; while Granby's eyes were fixed upon his countenance, as if they would dive into the subject of his meditations.

"Have you seen anything of Courtenay lately?" said Tyrrel, in rather a marked, expressive tone—rousing himself from his reverie.

"What made you think of Courtenay?" said Granby, quickly.

"One cannot always explain why one thinks of people," replied Tyrrel, with a forced laugh; "but my question was a very simple one; have you seen him lately?"

"I have not," replied Granby, and he looked at Tyrrel, as if expecting that some communication was to follow: but nothing was said; and after a pause, Granby returned once more to Caroline, saying, with a brightening countenance, that he trusted he should in time be enabled to arrive at the source of her present altered sentiments; more especially as he should now be able to see more of her than he had hitherto done: and he then mentioned the increased civility of Sir Thomas and Lady Jermy, their overtures of peace, and his consequent determination to call upon them that very day.

Tyrrel listened to this account, at first with symptoms of surprise, then with a serious and

darkened brow, which was succeeded by a contemptuous smile. "Excellent!" said he at last—"well done Baronet! and well done my lady! Oh you are a pretty pair of politicians!—nobody's civilities are better timed. Granby, how highly flattered you ought to be! I wonder that you can contain yourself. It is vastly civil on their part, really—only—(ha! ha! excuse my laughing)—only it strikes me, somehow or other, as one of those curious circumstances which happen once or twice in a century, that the coolness of the daughter and the civilities of the parents should have shown themselves so very naturally at the same time. It is rather singular, is not it? Why, surely, Granby, if you are the quick-sighted person I took you for, you can see through all this as well as I can."

Granby made no answer, but his darkening countenance showed that he could.

"Yes, yes," pursued Tyrrel, "it is plain enough; any body can see through it. What was the origin of your disagreement? Simply

this, as far as I understand it : her sharp-sighted ladyship fancied she perceived strong indications of a mutual *penchant* between you and Miss Jermyn, which she thought vastly inconvenient, and highly prejudicial to her views,—which are neither more nor less, I suppose, than to tack her daughter, as soon as she can, to some rich booby of high rank ; and as long as there was any danger of your interference, she prudently kept you at arm's length. Well—in the course of a little time, the inconvenient attachment totally ceases on one side, or rather, I suppose, has been transferred elsewhere, and consequently Mr. Granby is no longer a dangerous person. Under these circumstances, she and Sir Thomas begin to think, that for decency's sake, and to quiet their consciences, they may as well make the *amende honorable*, in the shape of a little attention to Mr. Granby, who has not been particularly well used, as far as I may be allowed to judge. That is my view of the case precisely ; and all I can say is this, that

if you are pleased at their behaviour, you are much more easily satisfied than I am."

"I am inclined to fear, that there may be a good deal of truth in what you say," replied Granby; "but as I can only be certain of the simple fact, that they have begun to show a friendly disposition towards me, I think it would be ungenerous to inquire too minutely into their motives for so doing, and subject their conduct to unfavourable constructions."

"Ungenerous, would it?" said Tyrrel, sneeringly; "well, that is mere matter of feeling also, and I won't pretend to argue about it; but if you are prepared for a contest of generosity, I wish you joy with all my heart, for you are sure to obtain an easy victory. But in such a case as this, every one must judge for himself. Some persons are very sensitive—unfortunately so, perhaps—and shrink from the slightest suspicion of insult, even when couched in the form of civility."

"Surely, Tyrrel, you don't mean that Sir Thomas and Lady Jermyn intend to insult me."

"Oh! I don't tax them with anything of the kind. You must not take what I say so strongly. I'm sure I should be very sorry to put you out of conceit with them. Excuse my saying so much; but you know there is a certain quality called pride, which has always been pretty strongly inherent in our family; and perhaps it shows itself rather more strongly than it should do now. But you are a near relation, Granby; and I cannot help identifying your case with my own, and telling you what I would do if I were placed in your situation. I know you will excuse my hasty zeal for the family honour."

"I trust," said Granby, rather proudly, "that I am not altogether unmindful of what is due to the honour of my family, and I hope I incur no danger of disgracing it."

"Disgracing it! Lord help you, no. Who

ever accused you? Come, come," said he, laying his hand upon Granby's shoulder; "I must not have you take offence; what are your plans for the morning?"

"I mean," said Granby, "to call upon Sir Thomas Jermyn. After that, I am at your service."

A shrug was Tyrrel's only reply.

"Ah!" said Granby, "you are surprised that I should call. But, now, only hear me. I agree with you entirely in a great deal that you have said; but still I think I ought to visit them. I may understand their motives; but there is no occasion for me to tell them so. While they are civil and friendly to me, I, whatever my thoughts may be, should not be backward in behaving the same to them. I may not, perhaps, give them my confidence; but they shall never have reason to accuse me of any breach of outward decorum. After what I have now said, I am sure you will no longer press me to give up my intention."

“ Press you ! I ? My dear fellow, you must not suppose that I want to prevent you from visiting them if you wish it. It is your affair, and not mine. It can be nothing to me, one way or another. A few odd thoughts just came across me, and I let them out, as I always do ; but I see no great harm in it after all ; and, now I think of it, I owe the Jermyns a visit myself, and I shall be very happy to go there with you.”

Granby had nothing to object to this, and they were preparing to set out, when they discovered that it rained, and it was proposed that they should wait a little. They did so ; but the sky assumed a dull, dark, unvaried grey ; the rain pattered steadily down ; the clank of a patten was now and then heard upon the flags below ; and the increasing rattle of carriages shewed that many a hackney coach had been already put in requisition. In fact, there was nothing less in prospect than a thorough rainy afternoon. Granby and Tyrrel, therefore, re-

signed themselves to their fate, and tried to make the best of it; talked till their watches told them it was time to dress; and Tyrrel then retired to his own abode; while Granby, after dining at a friend's house, went rather late to the opera.

CHAPTER X.

The spell is broke, the charm is gone !
Thus is it with life's fitful fever,—
We madly smile when we should groan ;
Delirium is our best deceiver.

BYRON.

AMONG the persons whom Granby had lately added to his list of acquaintance, were Sir Godfrey and Lady St. Germain's and their daughter, —the casual occurrence of whose name had formerly perplexed and teased him, while in the prosecution of his inquiries respecting the arrival of the Jermyn family. They were agreeable people, good humoured, lively, accessible, and disposed to shew civility to him. On the present evening, Lady St. Germain's offered

him a place in her box ; to which he came about the opening of the Ballet, and found there only her ladyship and her daughter. He in return could do no less than stay and attend them to their carriage.

The Ballet being concluded, they followed the crowd to the waiting-room, and were pioneered by Granby through the throng, towards the head of the steps that lead down to the eastern door of egress. Here they waited until they heard the welcome sound of " Lady St. Germain's carriage " stoutly vociferated from without ; and the ladies, drawing their cloaks still closer round them, escorted by Granby, passed quickly down the staircase.

As they approached the colonnade, on their way to the carriage, they could distinguish, through the complicated rattle which generally attends these crowded departures, sounds which indicated some furious struggle for precedence : the slashing of whips, the quick trampling and

plunging of horses, and frequent loud and angry voices. The ladies, who were on either side of Granby, began to indicate their fears by a stronger pressure of his arm; but there was no time to be lost, and little distance to be traversed, and in a moment they were at the scene of action.

It was a spectacle of much confusion, which the dazzling glare of some of the lamps, and the flickering shadows cast by others, rendered it difficult at the first glance to understand. Foremost were police officers, striving to keep the passage clear against intruders, who were now pressing forward to the scene of contention. A carriage, apparently Lady St. Germain's, with one wheel almost on the curb-stone, was resolutely striving to keep its place, and the coachman waging a war of whips and words with another, who, as it appeared, was cutting in from the second line. Lady St. Germain's footman now came up, indignantly exclaiming against this injustice; and Granby saw at once

how the case stood. He therefore immediately stepped forward, and insisted on Lady St. Germain's carriage having its due turn.

"And what right have you, Sir, to insist?" exclaimed a gentleman behind him, who appeared to be the owner of the other carriage, and who was muffled up in a cloak, so that Granby did not distinguish his face.

"I have a right, and I will exert it," said Granby, and stepped onward and extended his arm towards the horses' heads. His other arm was at this moment angrily grasped by his opponent, in whom he now recognized Sir Thomas Jermyn.

"Sir Thomas Jermyn!" exclaimed Granby.

"So, Sir!" said the baronet.

"Your carriage?" said Granby.

"My carriage," interrupted Sir Thomas, "is where it should be, and the other is not."

"Nay, but hear me——"

"My carriage was called."

"I beg your pardon."

" You should not interfere—that is not your carriage."

" The lady, Sir Thomas——"

" It does not signify talking, Sir," pursued the angry Baronet; and here, in fact, he was right; for by this time the police officers had forced his carriage to recede—Lady St. Germain's carriage had drawn up—the door was opened—the step let down—and Lady St. Germain's was calling upon Granby, to thank him for his successful exertions: he was forced to turn from Sir Thomas Jermyn, to perform the last duty of handing the lady into her carriage, and received, and declined her civil entreaty to be allowed to take him on his way home.

On turning round, as she drove off, he just saw Sir Thomas Jermyn retiring with his party, in fruitless anger, into the Opera House. His immediate impulse was to follow, and exonerate himself, by an explanation, from any rudeness, of which, in the hurry of the moment, he

might have been guilty. With this view he was going in again, when his arm was caught by some person ; and on looking round, he saw Tyrrel.

“ So you have had a fracas ? ” was his first address. “ Who was it with ? ”

“ Sir Thomas Jermyn.”

“ And where now ? ”

“ I want to see him, to explain.”

“ What can you be thinking of ? ” (holding him back)—“ Explain to a man in a passion ! ”

“ I must go—I must indeed.”

“ You had better not,” said Tyrrel, still preventing him, “ unless you have a mind for a scene in the waiting-room. You will only make the matter worse.”

“ Perhaps I may,” said Granby, considering : —“ I believe you are right ; ” and he turned back. “ But I must explain the matter some time or other. I shall call upon him for that purpose to-morrow.”

“Had you not better write?” said Tyrrel. They had by this time passed on, and Tyrrel proposed, that as they were close to his lodgings, they should step in and talk the matter over, as Granby seemed so anxious about it. They accordingly did so, and Tyrrell urged what seemed to Granby such satisfactory reasons for writing instead of calling, that he sat down immediately, and wrote a note fully explaining all the circumstances. Having done so, he shewed Tyrrel what he had written, who highly approved of it all, and offered to send it by his own servant the next morning. It was therefore left with him for that purpose, and Granby took his leave, with a promise to his cousin, who seemed to take so kind an interest in his fate, to give him early information of the result.

Satisfied of the propriety of the step which he had taken, he found himself on the following morning in so pleasing a state of joyous contentment, as to be scarcely impatient for the

arrival of an answer, and well assured that, whenever it should come, it must be favourable.

About noon he was informed that Mr. Tyrrel's servant had brought a letter for him, but had not waited for any answer; and a wafered note was handed to him, which he eagerly opened, and read as follows:—

“ Sir Thomas Jermyn has received a note from Mr. Granby, concerning the affair of last night; and takes the liberty of saying, in reply, that he desires no further communication with Mr. Granby, on that or any other subject.”

Words can but feebly convey his grief, surprise, and indignation on the perusal of this laconic insult. He gazed bewildered on the paper, as if doubtful whether he read aright—then threw it from him on the table, and paced hastily across the room—then snatched it up again, and there were the hateful characters still

staring him in the face. Once he was going to tear it into atoms—but he checked himself, and, with a quick revulsion of feeling, folded it up with scrupulous care, as if it were something dear and precious—smiling in bitter scorn as he did so. He then slowly and methodically unlocked a writing-desk, and carefully placed it in the innermost recess.

In doing so, his eye fell upon the long-treasured lock of hair. It was agony to view it *then*. It recalled, in all its former freshness, much that was once dear, and now must be forgotten. He took up the paper, pressed it to his lips, and hastily unclosed it. “’Tis for the last time,” said he; “but why at all? Why resign myself to the dangerous luxury of fruitless recollections?” and he replaced the treasured relic by the letter. There, at once, before his eyes, lay these two conflicting memorials. There was the gift that fed his hopes, and there beside it the hateful letter that destroyed them. They seemed to comprise a brief epitome of all that he

had felt. They were types of his passion's birth and death.

He indulged awhile in this painful contemplation, and then removed the lock and letter from his sight. Scarcely had he done so, when Tyrrel's step was heard upon the stairs, and that gentleman entered the room. He appeared in high spirits, and cheerfully accosted Granby.

"My servant tells me you have received an answer from Sir Thomas Jermyn. All is cleared up of course. I suppose I may congratulate you on the result of your correspondence."

Granby shook his head in mournful silence.

"How! what?" said Tyrrel, with a look of astonishment. "Was not his answer a civil one?"

"Read it," said Granby, as he put the letter into Tyrrel's hand.

Tyrrel conned it over and over for some time, apparently in silent amazement, as if he scarcely credited the testimony of his own senses.

"It is conclusive at any rate," said he, at

length, as he folded it up and returned it to Granby. "There is an end of your intercourse with the Jermyns. Now, tell me, was I mistaken when I warned you of the hollowness of their pretended friendship? See how readily they have seized upon this paltry pretext for a fresh quarrel. I conclude you will not think the note deserving of an answer?"

"Certainly not," said Granby. "Indeed, it refuses to receive any."

"Why, what the deuce! are you going to keep it?" said Tyrrel, seeing Granby restore it to its place in his *escritoire*: "a pleasant object to recur to! You must really be a dangerous person, if you treasure up your insults so."

Granby began to grow ashamed of the feeling which prompted him to preserve the letter. "You are right," said he. "It is neither wise nor pleasant to keep such things before one's eyes;" and so saying, he threw the letter into the fire.

"That is the fate it deserves," said Tyrrel,

aiding its destruction with the poker. "And, now, my dear fellow, let us think no more about these people. Their insults are not worth remembering. Thank God! you have many true friends left, and where a truer than myself?" and he shook Granby warmly by the hand.

With heartfelt satisfaction did Granby return the friendly pressure. Never are we more accessible to affectionate emotions, than when lately wounded by the hand of unkindness; and after the desolate loneliness of spirit with which he viewed his desertion by the Jermyns, it was with a returning glow of the most grateful fervour that he blessed Heaven for the possession of so firm and so kind a friend as Tyrrel.

CHAPTER. XI.

Physician. But yet some rumours great are stirring ; and if Lorenzo should prove false (which none but the Gods can tell,) you then, perhaps, would find that —— (*Whispers.*)

Bayes. Now he whispers.

Usher. Then, Sir, most certain 'twill in time appear
These are the reasons that have mov'd him to't.

First he—— (*Whispers.*)

Bayes. Now the other whispers.

The Rehearsal.

TYRREL did indeed evince a most lively interest in the situation of Granby, and apparently a most affectionate solicitude to soothe his sorrows. Without dwelling needlessly on the past, and teasing his companion with hackneyed topics of consolation, he led his mind, by the subdued cheerfulness of his conversation, to wean itself insensibly from painful recollections.

Without pressing him with coarse impatience to drown care, and assume an uncongenial mirth, he tried to throw amusement in his way, and lead him gently on to gaiety.

Accordingly it was proposed, and agreed to, that they should go to Vauxhall together—first dining at the Clarendon, where Granby was to go before and order the dinner—as Tyrrel pleaded an engagement elsewhere till seven.

At the next table to that which Granby placed himself to wait for his friend, were two gentlemen, whose faces he had frequently seen, and he believed in company with the Jermyns, but with whose names he was unacquainted. They were so near, that although they spoke in an undertone, the conversation was distinctly audible; but it was not interesting, and although he heard almost every syllable, Granby was for some time not sensible of the meaning of anything they said. They were talking about Epsom. Presently, however, he thought he heard the name of Tyrrel. It might be fancy—he could

not be certain—but he was roused, in spite of himself, to a consciousness of what the parties were saying.

“He has made a good thing of the last meeting, I rather think,” said one of the gentlemen.

“He has been very lucky,” said the other; “and luck has been everything with him. He has a monstrous random style of betting—takes up long odds against *dark* horses.”

“Ay, dark to others, but not to him. No, no—he’s a deeper hand than you are aware of. He is always pretty well in the secret.”

“It is easy to say so—but how can he?”

“How? Oh, there are ways and means—there are such things as trials you know.”

“I know there are; and I know, too, that none but the parties themselves can be present.”

“Nobody else *ought*—but somebody *can*. Did you never hear of the man with the telescope? or about the mole catcher?”

“No—what of him?”

“Only a masquerading trick. It is not certain—only suspected. It is pretty well known, at any rate, that a certain person cleared a good deal by backing the horse that won the trial.”

“Then you mean that he went disguised in this way to see them run.”

The other nodded assent.

“But did not they send him away?”

“Of course they did—but they could not swear to him. It might be he, or it might not. No—it was devilish well managed. And then, on certain occasions, he can disguise his horses as well as himself. Did you never hear of the aged horse that ran at —— as a three-year old?”

“Yes—well—and was he concerned?”

“So it is supposed. But there the fact was never ascertained—mere suspicion. The horse died very suddenly, as you may have heard; and was buried very suddenly too. They say somebody dug to look at his mouth—but they found that the teeth were all knocked out.”

“And do you really suppose,” said the other,
“that Tyr——”

“Hush—don’t mention names.”

Granby felt almost certain that the name he was going to utter was “Tyrrel,” but still he was not quite convinced.

“These things,” pursued the last speaker, “are not brought home—he is not blown yet—so I would not have you talk about it—but I can believe it every bit, for I take him to be as infernal a sharper as any on earth. They say his father and he have split.”

“What! does Lord Malton know anything of this?”

“Lord Malton!” ejaculated Granby, almost audibly; “then it is Tyrrel!”

“I don’t know,”—said the last speaker,—“but”—and then suddenly checking himself, he added, in a lower voice, “talk of the devil—” At this, Granby turned his head, and saw Tyrrel entering. He immediately accosted the two speakers as Charlecote and Clifton, and intro-

duced Granby to them as his relation. Granby civilly bowed to each. Clifton and Charlecote bent rather stiffly; did not seem to be perfectly at their ease; made awkward attempts to be cordial with Tyrrel; and cast each a suspicious glance at Granby, as if to inquire whether he had overheard them. But Granby took care that neither his looks nor manners should give them any information. Dinner shortly made its appearance, and Tyrrel and Granby withdrew to a table apart, to discuss the good things that were set before them, and by which the attention of Granby might be supposed, from his resolute taciturnity, to be deeply engrossed.

But he was not thinking of his dinner, however well it seemed to occupy him; he was ruminating on the singular and alarming conversation of which he had been the accidental hearer. What frightful suspicions did it open! Tyrrel a sharper! deeply engaged in dishonest practices! It seemed impossible. And yet the undesigning manner in which it was mentioned

—the respectability of the parties—acquaintances, too:—these things recalled his fears. But the charges were merely surmised—not proved. They could not be true—and yet, if they were not, still it was shameful to be considered capable of such offences. Why should these imputations be fastened upon Tyrrel, unless he had in some way given cause for it? It was difficult to say—these were cruel doubts—and he longed, yet knew not how to end them.

These speculations engaged him long in spite of change of place and scene; nor could they even be dissipated by the gay varieties of the evening; and he was still thinking of the conversation, when he saw near him Clifton and Charlecote. He watched his opportunity: separated himself from Tyrrel; and finding Clifton apart from his companion, he stepped up, and requested the favour of a few minutes' conversation. Mr. Clifton stared, bowed, and prepared to listen.

“Mr. Clifton,” said Granby, “I feel that I

owe you an explanation. Despising as I do the character of a listener, I think myself bound in honour to inform you, that I unintentionally overheard the conversation which passed between yourself and Mr. Charlecote this evening, at the Clarendon, and that I know to whom it alluded."

"Well, Sir?" said Mr. Clifton, settling his cravat, and looking puzzled as to what would follow, but ready at any rate to stand upon the defensive.

"I trust," pursued Granby, "I may be assured, that as I had no intention of overhearing these charges, so neither had you, at the time of making them, any wish that I, the relation of Mr. Tyrrel, should hear what you were saying. You did not probably know who I was."

"Certainly I did not," said Mr. Clifton, "and therefore could not have been actuated by any hostile intentions towards yourself."

"Of that I am convinced," replied Granby. "It is a distressing thing, Sir," he continued,

"as you must be aware, thus to become the hearer for the first time of charges which so deeply affect the character of a near relation."

"Is this, then, the first time that you have heard them?" said Clifton, eyeing him sharply.

"The very first I assure you."

"Indeed! but I can understand that—you are a near relation, and people would not like to tell you—besides, these things are known but to a few."

"I am glad to hear it," said Granby. "As for myself I have been in happy ignorance till the present evening; and having accidentally heard so much, I am naturally desirous to know more, and to learn from you upon what ground these charges rest."

"I cannot in honour give you my authorities," said Clifton; "but I will repeat to you, as circumstantially as I can, the facts which I have heard from them." And then he went over, in a more detailed manner, though still im-

perfectly, the information which he had already given.

“Now observe,” said Clifton, “that these circumstances rest chiefly upon surmise—I do not tell them to you as proved—nay, even go to the original source, and you would perhaps find that they only spring from probable conjecture. But, notwithstanding that, I verily believe that some men’s minds are perfectly made up. Different persons are satisfied with different degrees of evidence. You, as a near relation, will of course receive none but the strongest; unless,” he added significantly, “unless you bring the testimony of previous character to remove your doubts.”

“I shall do so,” said Granby, rather warmly. “I have such reliance on the honourable character of my relation, that I cannot allow myself to suppose for an instant that these imputations can have sprung from facts.”

“Our thoughts are our own,” said Mr. Clifton, with a bow of civil dissent. “I will

not hurt your feelings by troubling you with mine."

Some further conversation ensued; but, as Granby found that he could learn from Clifton nothing more decisive than these vague surmises, he parted from him—having first, however, extracted a promise that, in the present state of his knowledge, nothing more should transpire on the subject.

The thoughts and feelings of Granby now became most agitating and distressing; and peculiarly so at the present moment, when Tyrrel's kindness had excited a warm interest in his favour, and, recently rejected by other friends, Granby leaned with confidence on him.

Confidence, though "a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom," takes quick and vigorous root in the breast of youth; and Granby, in spite of these startling inuendos, still felt no disposition to doubt the integrity of his cousin. The question now presented itself, whether he should or should not apprise him of these re-

flections on his character. The conclusion was that he should not. It might produce unpleasant—nay, dangerous consequences. If the charges were unfounded, they would not long be credited, and the character of Tyrrel would soar superior and unhurt. If true (and he dreaded, even for the sake of argument, to admit the position), what would the communication avail? But Granby did not long remain in this state of doubt. A fresh circumstance soon occurred to press conviction on his mind.

CHAPTER. XII.

But he knows more than other people ; he understands dexterity of hand ; and would you have an ace, a size, or what throw you please, he will immediately give it you.

Life of Gusman D'Alfarache.

THERE had been a good deal of conversation, during the last few days, about a successful attack which had been made by the Bow-street officers upon a noted gaming-house in the vicinity of Pall Mall, in which they surprised a large party at play, and succeeded in securing a considerable number of them. Granby had read the accounts of the proceedings in the papers with some curiosity ; and as he happened to breakfast in company with a friend who was equally interested, it was soon settled that they

should go to Bow-street to hear the result of the examination.

Arrived there, Granby had not long surveyed the motley scene around him, before his attention was attracted by the strong resemblance of a person present to his former partner at whist, and boon companion, at Tyrrel's rooms, the obliging Mr. Althorp. The dress was different, and the hair was longer ; but the face and figure were strikingly similar ; and though there was rather more quickness in the eye, there was a good deal of that placid unconcern, that mild intelligence, which characterized the manner of the gentleman in question. From the situation in which he stood, it was doubtful whether he was a prisoner or spectator. " If the former," thought Granby, " it cannot certainly be Althorp himself," and he looked hard at him for some time in the hope that he might catch his eye. At last he did so, and although he made an acknowledging nod, for the purpose of trying if it was really he, no sign of recognition

followed, and the small grey eyes of the supposed Althorp wandered across him with such apparent unconsciousness, that Granby soon persuaded himself he had been deceived in his first belief of the identity of the person with his late associate. Meanwhile the business proceeded, and after various depositions had been heard respecting the share of one Wilkins in the late transaction—in which it was declared that he was found in the act of play, that he was one of the dealers at the rouge et noir table, and was supposed to have a share in the profits of the house—the magistrate, turning as it appeared towards the person on whose appearance Granby had been speculating, said, “Now, Mr. Wilkins, having heard the depositions which are made respecting you, if you have anything to say in your own behalf I am ready to attend to it.”

“You are very obliging,” said the supposed Althorp, with a civil sneer.

Granby started—it was the very voice, beyond

all doubt, and it was a peculiar voice, which when once heard, could not easily be mistaken. The combined resemblance of face, figure, manner, and voice, rendered his identity no longer questionable; it was the man himself. But what a strange revolution of ideas! what a fearful change of preconceived opinions did this unexpected discovery effect! the gentle Mr. Althorp was in close league with ruffians and sharpers; the novice at whist, who professed that cards were not in his province, was found deeply engaged in midnight play—the suspected partner in a gambling house; and this cold-blooded delinquent at the bar of justice was the very man whom his near relation, his warm friend Tyrrel, had pressed him to visit, had recommended to his close acquaintance, and praised to him as “the best fellow breathing.” And had he, indeed, been fluttering so near the flame? Had he been the object, the proposed victim of a deliberate plan to lead him to his ruin? Alas! he could no longer doubt

it. A sudden light burst in upon him, and he clearly recollected many trifling acts and expressions, which occurred at Tyrrel's on that night, and which, though then too insignificant for notice, now seemed plain indications of such a purpose.

Granby was so much engrossed with this gloomy discovery, that for some time he paid little attention to the defence of Althorp, alias Wilkins, who cross-examined his witnesses with respect to the fact of dealing the cards, with considerable ingenuity, and challenged any one of them to prove that he was a sharer in the profits of the bank. When he had finished his defence, he looked with an unabashed and steady eye towards Granby, who told him with a glance that he was discovered. This glance he answered, with a slight motion of acknowledgment, while a malignant smile of cool effrontery settled on his countenance.

Disgusted at the conduct of the man, and caring little about his fate, Granby was now

désirous to be gone, and as his friend had also heard enough, they extricated themselves from the throng, and left the office.

To Granby the past scene afforded matter for anxious thought, and raised many suspicions of a distressing nature : suspicions, alas ! they could scarcely be termed : strengthened as they were by the recollection of all he had overheard at the Clarendon, they bore too much the air of certainty. Yet he refused entirely to admit the infamy of his relation, and struggled manfully against conviction. He considered it unjust to condemn him, without a hearing, for the vices of a previous associate. He also might have been deceived ; the humble and mild exterior of the man might well have blinded him to his real character.

But all this he was determined to discover. Doubt, in such a case, was not only painful, but dangerous. He, therefore, without loss of time repaired to Tyrrel's lodgings, to solve this alarming mystery at once. Tyrrel was not at home ;

he had gone out late to take his ride, and the servant said, might not be back for an hour or more. Granby, therefore, did not wait his return, as he had an engagement to dine at Mr. Duncan's, but determined on calling the next day. Arrived at Mr. Duncan's, he found there a small, but fashionable and pleasant party, and he quickly forgot all his doubts and fears, and gaily gave himself up to the present enjoyment of society.

Lady Harriet, with all her oddities, was a pleasant person in her own house ; for she had a great deal of vivacity, and a thorough hatred of form ; and though she never did the honours *en maîtresse de maison*, and would have fainted at the very thought of sitting at the head of her own table, she was always alive to the amusement of her guests ; liked people to do and say whatever they pleased ; and wished to see everybody in her house as much at home as she was herself.

During the course of the evening, conversa-

tion happening to turn upon the recent discomfiture of the gamblers, Mr. Duncan spoke of the prevalence of gambling abroad, and related a few circumstances connected with it, which had come within his own knowledge.

“While I was at Paris,” said he to Granby, “discovery was made of a singular and ingenious trick with dice, which had been long practised by a couple of sharpers with great success. It had this advantage, that it might be done with any box or dice, and if dexterously performed, was almost secure against detection. Fortunately, however, it was difficult, and required long previous practice. One of the men confessed that he had laboured at it several hours a day for three months, before he ventured to put it in practice. I believe I can show you, in a bungling sort of way, how they did it. Look,” said he, taking dice and dice-box out of a back-gammon board which lay on a table near him, “we will suppose they want to make one of the dice turn up a six—

they take it up so," (exemplifying as he went on) "between the thumb and middle finger, the right hand die showing an ace uppermost. This they retain against the side of the box with the middle finger, covering it with the first, while the other die is rattled against it in the box. On delivery, the die that was held against the box is turned up on the reversed face, and in this manner one of the dice may always be thrown of whatever number the caster wishes. Happily," said he to Granby, "you are not, I believe, much given to play, and therefore are not liable to be exposed to such a trick ; but should you ever, when playing with any person, see him take up the dice in this way," (showing the manner), "remember what I have said, and watch him."

Conversation then took a different turn ; the company began to drop off ; and Granby, who had an invitation to a ball given that night by the Duchess of Ilminster, soon afterwards took his leave.

CHAPTER XIII.

I see thy heart ;
There is a frightful glitter in thine eye
Which doth betray thee. Inly-tortured man,
This is the revelry of drunken anguish.

Remorse.

It was a fine, warm, dry night, and Granby walked down towards the duchess's house in St. James's-square. Thinking, however, by the way, that he should arrive too early at the ball, and remembering that Jermyn-street was in his road, he determined to take a relation's liberty with Tyrrel, and notwithstanding the unseasonableness of the hour, call and satisfy himself respecting Althorp. On being shown up, he found Tyrrel and Courtenay together,

sitting at a table playing with dice, apparently at hazard. Several wine glasses, and two long-necked French bottles, stood near them. Courtenay's countenance was flushed, eager, and agitated. Tyrrel's bore the same calm, cool, imperturbable composure, the same look of indifference which was its usual characteristic, especially at play. He started, however, and appeared to colour slightly at the entrance of Granby, who apologized for his intrusion, and explained a part of his reasons for coming in; and then asked him what they were playing at.

"Only a little sequin hazard," said Tyrrel; "just a few throws *pour passer le temps*."

Granby thought that Courtenay's countenance belied this assertion; he, however, made no observation, and taking up the paper of the morning, tried to amuse himself with reading over again the "Fashionable arrangements," and advertisements for the sale of "seasoned

hunters," and "cabinet bijoux, the undoubted property of an eminent connoisseur, returned from the continent."

Tired of this, he was going, by way of conversation, and *apropos* of hazard, to mention the circumstance which had been related to him that evening at Mr. Duncan's, when he was surprised and arrested by perceiving Tyrrel take up the dice in precisely the same manner which Mr. Duncan had shewn him, as practised by the Parisian gamblers. Thinking he might be deceived, he drew his chair behind Tyrrel, pretending again to be engaged with the paper, while he kept a watchful eye upon all his motions.

He saw that Tyrrel contrived, upon taking up the dice, that one of them should present an ace or deuce uppermost; and that the same die, upon being thrown, never failed to come up a six or five; that he took them up with his thumb and middle finger, covering them at the same time adroitly with his first; and that

at the time he did this, he generally addressed some short remark to Courtenay, for the purpose, probably, of diverting his attention. In short, after careful observation, Granby arrived at the sad conviction, that Tyrrel was winning unfairly. To what amount he was plundering his victim, Granby could not tell, and did not think proper again to inquire. The games were set down without reference to the stake. He had been told they were playing low; but the feverish agitation of Courtenay, and his occasional murmured ejaculations of desperation and dismay, plainly showed that it was no slight loss which called them forth.

How to proceed was the next point, and it was one of painful consideration. He anticipated serious consequences from an immediate exposure, and thought it more advisable to take no notice at present, and allow the parties to proceed; trusting, at the same time, that the apparent ruin which was gathering round Courtenay, would prove a seasonable and useful

warning. He therefore took up his hat, and prepared to depart—asking his companions if they were disposed to accompany him to the ball.

Tyrrel pleaded a head-ache in excuse; Courtenay said, hastily, that he would soon follow him; and Granby left the house. But with feelings how different from those with which he had lately entered it! Tyrrel, his near relation, the heir apparent of the head of his house, his intimate friend, his frequent companion, the man who, whatever had been his failings, had ever hitherto appeared to Granby to evince for him the truest and warmest regard! this man had sunk at once into a detected cheat! And who was the victim of his acts? One for whom, till lately, Granby had ever entertained a sincere regard, and of which regard, pity for his situation now caused a considerable return, in spite of the suggestions of a jealousy, which, although he could not approve, he felt unable entirely to allay.

It was an agonizing conflict; and when he came within sight of the crowded carriages, and the gay lights which gleamed from the windows of the duchess's house, and heard the enlivening notes of the band within, the scene appeared such utter mockery of his harassed feelings, that he turned abruptly away, and made the circuit of the square, before he felt sufficiently composed to enter the house.

Never were splendour and gaiety more wasted than they were that night on Granby; never did beauty appear less attractive. He met many acquaintances, but felt no pleasure in seeing any of them; and began to understand for once in his life the true meaning of solitude in a crowd.

This feeling, however, had scarcely taken possession of him, before his whole attention was arrested by the sight of Courtenay, who was leaning against the wall near one of the doorways; his eyes fixed and glaring; his cheeks pale, save only one deep hectic spot; his lips

compressed, as if his teeth were clenched ; and his whole countenance exhibiting a frightful picture of mental suffering, and a melancholy contrast with the gay scene by which he was surrounded.

Knowing, as Granby did, the cause of this emotion, he was so struck by the sight, that he continued for a short time gazing at him, quite unmindful of the inquiry of a female acquaintance, as to who that person was, who looked so like the statue in Don Giovanni ?

When Granby turned his head again after answering this inquiry, Courtenay was no longer there ; and his eye in vain wandered round the room in search of him. He, therefore, as soon as he was at liberty, walked about, endeavouring to find him, and after looking everywhere up stairs in vain, descended to the refreshment-room. There, at the corner of one of the long tables, wedged in by persons supping edgeways, he beheld Courtenay, with a countenance no longer pale and ghastly, but flushed and wild,

as if under the influence of intoxication. He had just drunk a large tumbler full of champagne, and as Granby came up to him, was extending it for more.

"Courtenay!—what are you doing?" said Granby in a low voice, taking him by the arm.

"What you had better do," said Courtenay, with a drunken smile. "Here—you—Gunter, a fresh bottle for a friend of mine."

"No—no—I want none," said Granby, "and I'm sure you do not."

"Don't I?—we'll see that," replied Courtenay wildly. "What the devil else did I come here for? It is all that is left me—so—here—another tumblerful."

"Don't—pray don't," reiterated Granby, "you will expose yourself."

"Expose myself! What!—you think I am light-headed? My head is not so light as my purse, my boy—so here goes to balance them."

"Courtenay!" said Granby, in a low earnest

tone, "let me intreat you to come away—your head is turned already."

"I shall waltz the better," cried Courtenay, "one glass more—and then, Granby, you dog! I'll be the life of the party above stairs.

I'll make those waltz who never waltzed before,
And those who always waltzed now waltz the more.

Am not I poetical? It is either from punch or poverty—devil take me if I know which. Nothing enlivens a man like ruin. So—another glass—and then a waltz. Who says I am not irresistible? I'll bet you fifty pounds more than I am worth in the world I make Miss Jermyn waltz with me, though she pretends to say she never does—with me, my boy, and me only. I am the person to make her say, 'Yes.' "

Granby withdrew the hand with which he held his companion's arm. The pang of jealousy returned, and he was momentarily tempted to leave his rival to his fate. But better feelings instantly prevailed; and principle recalled him

to his duty. "Shame! shame!" said he to himself; "is a wretched, half-bewildered being, frantic with wine and misery, a worthy object of my jealousy? No, I will save him, though for her;" and with increased earnestness he pressed his entreaties upon Courtenay's unheeding ear.

Courtenay now had begun to attract attention by his conduct and expressions, and Granby, though afraid to look round and encounter the eyes that were directed towards him, could hear a few significant remarks, and could catch the words, "terribly *cut*," and "advisable to cut *him* for the present," from a knot of young Guardsmen; and "improper state," and "strange behaviour," from one or two elderly female voices.

Their unhappy subject heard them not, and still resisted the entreaties of Granby. "Here, more wine," he still exclaimed. "Granby, you are a good fellow, but a cursed croaker. You want to cheek my flow of spirits. But it won't do—they are proof, you dog!—proof spirits.

Look at me ; am not I a happy devil ? I have nothing left to care about."

" Courtenay," said Granby, " do not forget yourself."

" I don't forget myself," said Courtenay, lowering his voice, with a fearful change of tone. " I wish I could. I had already, but for you. Go, leave me."

" I will not leave you," said Granby. " Only hear me ; and if you value your happiness—"

" I don't, I don't," interrupted Courtenay, with fierce impatience. " Value it ! it is gone—and let it go ! I can do without it. I can laugh still as well as any," and he uttered a wild discordant laugh, which Granby heard with an indescribable thrill of horror. But he did not relinquish his object in despair. The urgency of the case excited him to another effort, and grasping the arm of his unhappy friend, he said, in a low, stern tone, with a penetrating look, " Courtenay, follow me. I have a request that must be heard— your future fate depends upon it."

Courtenay gazed for an instant upon Granby, and then bowed his head in token of acquiescence. He seemed to be sobered by the appeal, and followed in silence to an unoccupied corner of the hall. He then raised his face in expectation of Granby's address. His countenance had been suddenly and completely changed. The eye had lost its frantic glare, and the burning flush upon the cheek was rapidly succeeded by an ashy paleness.

"Courtenay," said Granby, "I fear you have lost—"

"All, all," said Courtenay, hastily. "Ask nothing—it is past—you see before you a poor, degraded, beggared wretch—ruined, ruined past redemption—Heaven help me! I am both fool and scoundrel—lost—quite lost—" and he wiped away with his burning hand the cold drops that started on his forehead.

Granby put his own arm within his, and led him from the house in silence. "Courtenay," said he, when they found themselves in the open

air, "I am grieved for your situation; and I would fain assist you."

"You cannot, you cannot. Do not talk of it. I know you wish me well; but do not speak to me of assistance—it is beyond your power, Granby. It is cruel to deceive me with false hopes."

"It is not my intention," said Granby, "to raise false hopes. I have, however, much to say to you; but not to-night. My communication must be deferred till to-morrow. But meanwhile give me a promise."

"A promise! oh, I'll promise anything," said he, with returning wildness of manner. "My word is now as good as my bond. I could not have said that yesterday. See the advantages of ruin. Granby!" he suddenly added, with a ghastly smile, laying his hand upon his companion's shoulder, "do you think a man in my condition may go to the expense of powder and ball?"

Granby shuddered at the horrible hint which

this question had conveyed. "I will not leave you," said he, in a tone of determination, "till you have satisfied me that you will not make any rash attempt. Oh, Courtenay! miserable though you still may be, I entreat you by every—"

"Fear nothing," said Courtenay, hastily, "I was not in earnest. Had I any such horrible intention as you suppose, I should not have told it to you. No," he added, with a shudder, "bad as I am, I am not the wretch you take me for. But what is the promise you require?"

"That you will see me early to-morrow morning, and none but me."

"Where is the use of that? Why should you ask it?"

"I cannot now explain; but it is a small request. Promise to comply."

"Comply! ay, compliance has been my ruin—but—well—there—I promise it."

"You will see me then to-morrow?"

"I will, I will," said Courtenay, in a low

quick, hurried tone, and with his feverish hand he pressed that of Granby ; then turning away, he set off running with furious speed along the flags, and in a few seconds was out of sight.

Granby stood fixed to the spot where Courtenay had left him, listening to the sounds of his steps till they were lost in silence. He recalled his thoughts, subdued his agitation, and tried to fortify his nerves for the approaching interview with Tyrrel. This, he felt, would be indeed a trial. Rudely as the veil had been torn aside, and cruel as was the revolution which circumstance had produced in his opinion, yet of this change he hardly knew the terrible extent, till he came to apply it to the painful test of actual communication. Two days had not yet intervened since his hand was kindly pressed by Tyrrel, and he had viewed him as his warmest friend, and made him the depositary of griefs and hopes which he had never trusted to any one else. And this man he was now compelled to treat as a degraded being ; to charge with crime, and

load with infamy. Two days ago, he beheld in Tyrrel the attached relation—he must now regard him as the secret foe. Two days ago he shut his ears to insinuation, and firmly trusted in Tyrrel's honour—and where was that honour? Gone for ever! And what was Tyrrel? A detected sharper. But he must not dwell on thoughts like these; he must steel his mind with principle and firmness, and advance with courage to the arduous task. He shortly reviewed his plan of proceeding, and walked on, with a hasty and decided step, towards Tyrrel's lodgings.

CHAPTER XIV.

Montrose. See how weak
An ill cause is ! You are already fallen :
What can you look for now ?

Claremond. ——— Fool, use thy fortune ;
And so he counsels thee, that if we had
Changed places, instantly would have cut thy throat,
Or digged thy heart out.

Montrose. ——— In requital of
That savage purpose I must pity you.

The Parliament of Love.

ARRIVED at the door, Granby stopped once more to collect his thoughts. Irresolution partially triumphed, and a slight tremor came over him as he raised his hand to the knocker. The half minute that elapsed before his “clamorous appeal” received its answer, appeared, as we commonly say, “an age;” and with burning

impatience, and much withal of trepidation, did he listen to the shuffling and creaking of the footsteps within.

The door at length was half opened by a drowsy servant, with a candle in his hand, who, peering at him, with a look of much surprise at the unseasonableness of the visit, told him that his master was still in his sitting-room. This was sufficient, and Granby hastily passed the servant, and without waiting to be announced, proceeded quietly but rapidly to the room. On opening the door, he saw Tyrrel, his head resting on one hand, while the other held a pencil, deeply intent on a paper before him, on which he appeared to have been writing figures. Two candles, burnt almost to the socket, threw their dim light upon his face ; and on the same table stood a wine glass, and a small phial containing laudanum, to the use of which pernicious drug Tyrrel had lately begun to habituate himself.

He did not raise his eyes from the paper im-

mediately upon Granby's entrance, thinking probably that it was the servant; but scarcely had he made two steps into the room, when Tyrrel looked up, and on seeing him, started from his chair in seeming terror, and crumpling up the paper, threw it from him into the fire-place.

"How now, Granby? here again!" said he; and then catching the stern expression of his countenance, he faintly added, "For Heaven's sake what is the matter?"

Granby carefully closed the door, before he returned him any answer. "My errand," said he, "concerns Courtenay."

"Courtenay! good God! what has happened to him?"

"Nothing but what you know already."

"What I know! explain yourself."

"I mean to do so—and briefly too. I come to demand that you renounce all claims upon him for money which he has lost to you, and that you refund——"

"Granby, are you mad?"

"Hear me out—and that you refund what you have *unfairly* won this night."

"Unfairly ! 'sdeath ! does the scoundrel presume to say—"

"Be calm if you can," said Granby, firmly, "for violence is useless. He says nothing—he knows nothing ; it is I who say it, and know it, and make this claim for him in consequence."

"And by what authority, Sir," exclaimed Tyrrel, in a lofty tone, "by what authority do you dare to say this to me?"

"By the authority of a friend to both, and a relation to you."

"Cant !—cursed cant !—Friend and relation ! Is this your cloak for a scandalous charge ? Do you think this will serve, Sir ? No—give me proof of what you insinuate."

"I *insinuate* nothing : my charge is a direct one, and will require a direct reply. As for proofs, you shall have them ; and for this purpose I shall ask for the dice and dice-box that you used this night."

“With all my heart,” said Tyrrel, “and I would show them as freely to the whole world. There—take them—examine them well—but remember, Sir, you will do it at your peril ; for if they are not proved deceptive,” said he, striking his clenched hand upon the table, “then, by heavens—”

“This threat is useless,” interrupted Granby, “for I shall not even examine them. But observe me for a moment—”

Tyrrel muttered something between his teeth, and turned away.

“Observe me, I say,” repeated Granby, sternly ; “you asked for proofs, and I am prepared to give them ;” and then, without uttering another word, he slowly exemplified with the dice the whole process of Tyrrel’s fraudulent manœuvres.

A dead silence ensued ; Tyrrel leaning in guilty confusion on the back of a chair, while Granby stood opposite, erect, and motionless, with his hands clasped, apparently lost in pain-

ful thought. He was balancing in his mind conflicting sentiments of justice and mercy, and meditating in what way to meet the probable contrition of his guilty relative; but he was not prepared to see him seek a refuge in effrontery, and started as if a thunderbolt had fallen at his feet when Tyrrel stepped up, and with a coarse smile slapped him familiarly on the shoulder.

“Bravo, young one!” were his first words. “Curse me if I thought you so knowing! I see you understand a trick or two—you are training on in a promising way—we shall have you down at the Hells soon!”

“Tyrrel! Tyrrel! I did not expect this,” said Granby, turning from him with disgust.

“Then, what the devil did you expect? Did you think I should whine and cant about it, and fall on my knees like a blubbing school-boy to escape a whipping? Why, what a cursed long face you make—as if rooks and

pigeons were birds unheard of. Pshaw—man—come—damn it—where can you have lived to look so serious about such a trifle? I thought you had been more of a man of the world. We jolly Greeks are never down in the mouth about these things. Where was the harm, if the fellow chose to be a fool, to treat him with a taste of my art? Prejudice apart, where is the sin in a quiet bit of legerdemain? None on earth; and so you would think, if it was not for those rusty, old woman's notions, which I wonder how the devil you came by. I have done no more than many others."

"Tyrrel," said Granby, "though you have a right to be heard in your defence, yet I almost blame myself, for having patiently listened so long to this monstrous attempt to palliate your crime."

"Crime!" repeated Tyrrel, with a scornful laugh—"by what statute? Crime, indeed! You talk it well, upon my soul; but learn, young man, to make distinctions—look at the

dice—are they loaded? Look at the box—is it not a fair one? Did I fight with false weapons? No, Sir; the devil himself dare not say it. I met my man, and beat him down in a fair trial of address. I employed an art which I had been practising for months, and which I had surely acquired a right to profit by. I won by skill—sheer skill—skill which I had gained by my own exertions, and which I am therefore justified in using.”

“ I will no longer listen to such paltry sophistry,” replied Granby; “ it cannot deceive me—you cannot even deceive yourself by it. My object, Tyrrel, in coming hither, was, not to hear your efforts at exculpation—for none that you can make will be sufficient—your offence is only aggravated by what you have already said—I come to enforce a demand—you have heard it, and I expect your answer.”

“ You shall have it,” said Tyrrel, with a malignant scowl; and he went and opened a bureau, while Granby stood regarding him in silence.

Tyrrel searched for something; at length he closed the bureau: what he had taken out of it, Granby knew not, for his back was towards him; till, on turning round, he displayed to his astonished eyes a brace of pistols, and a card.

"Here is my answer," said he, holding up the pistols, "and there," throwing on the table an ace of clubs, shot through the middle, "is my pledge for its proving satisfactory. You see my mark at twelve paces—a pretty fair certificate of a cool eye and a steady hand. Be advised, young fellow," he added, in an insulting tone—"think twice before you drive to extremities a man who can split a ball upon a knife, and shoot a couple through the same hole. You will find I am not to be trifled with."

"And you will find," said Granby, calmly, "that it is not my intention to trifle with you. My object is fixed and serious—I come to insist on satisfaction for my friend."

"Satisfaction!" said Tyrrel, with savage

glee, "have at you then—the sooner the better—name time and place, and I am your man."

"Tyrrel, you mistake the satisfaction I require; it is not to shed the blood of a relation. If you mean to give me a challenge, understand distinctly that I will not accept it."

"You *will* not?" retorted Tyrrel. "Say you *dare* not."

"I *will* not," said Granby; "and if you urge me, the world shall know my reason for refusing."

"And what is that reason?" said Tyrrel, with a sneer.

"I shall tell them that the challenger is no longer worthy of the consideration due to a man of honour."

"Insolent coward!" said Tyrrel, through his clenched teeth.

"I shall not descend to bandy invectives," replied Granby, firmly. "I repeat my demand for reparation."

“Granby—Granby—have a care—be cautious how you goad a desperate man. Are you aware,” said Tyrrel, taking up the pistols, “that one of these is loaded? You defy me, because you think that my reputation is in your power. Remember that your life is in mine.” And he retreated a few steps, and deliberately examined the priming of his pistol.

“Do you think so meanly of me,” said Granby, “as to expect that I shall be terrified from my purpose by this impotent bravado?”

“I do,” said Tyrrel. “Impotent bravado! Good sounding words, faith! but very little to the purpose. I would advise you to think of something better by way of a dying speech, and quickly too, for your time is but short. Now, Sir, death or recantation?” and he levelled the pistol at Granby’s head.

Granby neither moved nor spoke, but looked steadily in Tyrrel’s face. There was a deep silence, which was first broken by the click of the pistol. Tyrrel had cocked it. Granby

heard the ominous sound, but his frame never trembled, nor did his cheek grow paler, nor his eye wander, but remained still sternly bent on Tyrrel in sad and resolute defiance.

"Tyrrel!" said he, in a solemn tone, "I have no fear. You dare not be a murderer."

Tyrrel returned no answer, but still presented the cocked pistol.

"You will never," continued Granby, "charge your conscience with such a crime."

"My conscience!" said Tyrrel, with frightful irony, lowering his pistol as he spoke; "how did you know I had a conscience?"

"You have—you must," said Granby. "I will not think you utterly depraved. You may stifle the voice of your conscience for a time, but be assured it will be heard. Tyrrel—there is a God that sees and judges you; and if you shed my blood, the hour of retribution will surely come:" and Granby, as he spoke, fixed his eyes with impressive solemnity upon Tyrrel's.

The latter could not encounter their appeal.

His own fell beneath their glance. The hand that held the pistol trembled; and the countenance was convulsed with a sudden pang. He muttered something indistinctly, turned away, and deposited the pistols in their former place. "I did it but to try you," said he, in a low voice. "Heaven knows, that for the world's worth I could not be your murderer; but you had almost driven me past myself. Granby, you are too hard with me. Do not oppress a fallen man. Temper your justice with mercy. Circumstances have made you powerful; let them shew that you are generous. Remember whom you are about to sacrifice. Remember that it is a friend and a relation."

"Tyrrel, I remember it but too well," said Granby, mournfully. "It is a fact which I shall never forget, and deep will be the anguish it will cost me. Bitter as your own reflections must necessarily be, you can but feebly judge of what I feel, to find myself at once cut off from one who is still my relation, and whom a

few short hours ago I vainly fancied I might call my friend. Tyrrel, do not endeavour to deceive yourself. You have committed that, which, if known, would render you an outcast from every reputable circle in which you have ever moved."

"I know it all," said Tyrrel, impatiently, "and feel it too. Why should you torture me with this repetition? Surely that punishment is enough."

"No, Tyrrel, it is not enough. The world's scorn is slight to that which your own heart ought to inflict. Remember the victim of your arts—the ruin, the destruction which you would have entailed on him. Tyrrel—the person whom you have so deeply wronged, suppressed perhaps in your presence the dreadful agony of his mind; but had you lately seen, as I have done, the burning frenzy, the feverish effort to snatch a temporary forgetfulness of misery, his wild, frantic, intemperate mirth, and the horrid recklessness of his despair; had you seen all this,

and said, as you needs must, ‘’Twas I, that caused it,’ you would have cursed yourself for the misery you had produced ; it would have been reflected doubly on yourself, and you would then have felt—ay, in its deepest bitterness—that real—that mental punishment, to which the world’s scorn is as dust in the balance. You cannot have so hard a heart but from your very soul you would have pitied him.”

Tyrrel stood during this appeal with folded arms, downcast eyes, and head bent forward on his breast. Once or twice he tried to raise his head, but as his eye caught that of Granby, it sunk beneath the powerful gaze of conscious rectitude. At length some new idea appeared to strike him, and the rigid muscles of his face began to relax into an expression of sullen exultation. “Pity him !” said he, “not I. I have little pity to bestow upon any one, and shall not waste it on unworthy objects. He suffers, does he ? Well he may, and so he ought.

Just retribution, Granby, and no more. Has Courtenay caused no pain to others?"

"I will not say that he has not," said Granby, starting at the bitter thought which this question had conjured up; "but if he has, it is not of *that* we are speaking now. He is injured, Tyrrel. It is in that light only I can now regard him. He is injured, and by you; and he must have redress. I am here, not to recal my own misfortunes, but to demand reparation for my friend."

"Your *friend*!" said Tyrrel, in a mingled tone of scorn and compassion. "Poor, credulous gull! are you still willing to think him so? Think on—think so still. Why should I disturb your dreams? It would be cruel to rouse you from such a satisfied state of ignorance. What if a certain lady does not smile on you as sweetly as she did? We need not think that he is the cause. What if she smile on others? what, if on him? We need not think he sought

it, Granby. We need not think that to purchase those smiles he sacrificed an ancient friendship, and trampled on the character of a kind, credulous, confiding rival."

"Confiding!—nay, you wrong him. I never trusted him—I told him nothing."

"And why should you?—and if you did not, must he therefore needs be ignorant? Granby, there are other roads to a person's sentiments than through his tongue—and a lover's sentiments—pshaw! it is impossible but he must have known them. But do you think he would seem to know them? No, he is wiser. Pretended ignorance is his coat of mail. It excuses him both to you and her. It is a place of ambush, out of which he can slander you the more securely."

"Tyrrel," said Granby, trembling with anxiety, "tell me, I entreat you, by what means you are informed of this?"

"By none but such as you may use. I employed my senses. I observed them well. I

was not credulous as you are. My eyes were open. My ears were attentive. I was alive to much that you might have seen had you been willing. And why were you not? Why let another be more keen-sighted in that which so nearly concerned yourself? Beware, Granby—mark my words before it is too late—beware—beware of a false friend.”

“I will,” said Granby. “A false friend! Ay, Tyrrel! I had one who was false indeed; false to his kindred, to his character, to himself; false to every principle of worldly honour; one who has shamefully relinquished his fair fame and honourable bearing, and shrunk to a detected sharper. *This* is the friend that has deceived my hopes.”

“Rail on, rail on,” said Tyrrel. “Reproach me for my warning. I can bear it. Be blind, if you will. Be not only blind, but ungrateful. Yes, I say again—ungrateful. You cannot, or you will not, see what I have wrought in your behalf. To what purpose have I clipped

the wings and tamed the courage of this aspirer, if you—*you*, who of all persons should be least willing to support him, should actually lend your aid to forward his unworthy views? Granby, if you have still a hope of that which is dearest to your heart, be cautious ere you banish it for ever. Look at me. I not only can, but will assist you. I have the viper in my toils. I can check him—crush him—nay, I can track him in his course of slander—I can blight his villanous projects—I can baffle the insidious go-between: I, and I alone: and the gain and the triumph shall be yours—all through my means shall be cleared—Caroline shall learn to detest the creature who deceives her now, and you shall be restored, through me, to more than all her former love.”

Granby turned away his face, to conceal the powerful conflict of his feelings.

“Dear Granby,” pursued Tyrrel, “do not hesitate. Second my plans to aid your happiness. Leave this reptile to his fate. Show your firm-

ness, and by one bold act confound a villain, and spare the errors of a misguided relation—misguided, Granby—I say it with sorrow—but one who still preserves that warm friendship which he felt for you in happier days.”

The struggle in Granby’s mind was evident ; and Tyrrel greedily watched its workings. Once his resolution almost failed him ; but principle resumed its force.

“ Peace, tempter ! peace,” he said—“ Oh, God,” he inwardly ejaculated, “ forgive me if I wavered. Tyrrel, it is in vain you urge me—I have a duty to perform, and I trust in Heaven I shall not desert it. Speak no longer against Courtenay—I will suppose him all that is treacherous—but his vices, his follies, do not excuse your shameful practices. You have wronged him—ruined him—and he shall be redressed. I know not—I care not what he is—he may have loaded me with a thousand injuries, but he ~~was~~ my friend, and I will save him.”

Tyrrel bit his lip, and turned away. "How will you save him?" said he, tauntingly.

"By obtaining redress. Tyrrel, I am still firm to my purpose. I do not know to what extent you have plundered him; but, be it what it may, I here demand that through me you restore the whole."

"And what if I refuse?" said Tyrrel.

"Public exposure will be the consequence. Before another day is past I shall publish your conduct to the world."

"And who will believe you?"

"Many, Tyrrel, many. A week hence I should have thought that nobody would believe the tale; but I have since learned, and it was a painful hearing, that there are those who already suspect you of dishonest practices, and would eagerly receive such confirmations of their worst suspicions. Your character totters—a word of mine can destroy it—and shall, unless you comply. To-day, Sir, this very day, I

gained an insight which I little expected. Do you remember Althorp?—ay, Althorp, alias Wilkins?”

Tyrrel started, and a deep burning flush of guilt passed hastily across his countenance.

“I shall say no more of him,” said Granby. “I only mention *him* to show that I at length know *you*. Deceit and evasion are now useless. Choose, therefore—redress, or public infamy.”

Tyrrel visibly trembled. “One moment,” said he, and, approaching the table, poured a small quantity of laudanum from the phial. Granby looked at him with dread, as he raised the horrid beverage to his lips. Tyrrel remarked his look of horror. “Do you think I am going to poison myself?” said he, with a ghastly smile of derision. “I am not come to that yet. Your health,” he added, nodding to Granby, before he drank it, with an expression of countenance that made him shudder. He then paced several times across the room, as if endeavouring to

regain composure. At length, in a calm and altered tone, he again addressed him.

“Granby, my father is the head of your house. In me you will dishonour the representative of your family. Do not, if you have still remaining any generous pride of ancestry, do not stain it with reproach. In me it has been grievously disgraced; but, oh, Granby! by all of great and noble that ever has adorned your name, do not aggravate the evil by giving publicity to my offence.”

“Tyrrel, it is useless to pursue these arguments. Dear to me as is the honour of my family, it cannot weigh against my duty; and if you compel me to reveal its shame, on your head be the infamy. My course is taken, and shall not be relinquished. I demand for Courtenay full restitution of all that you have won from him this night, and on that condition only will I be silent on all that has passed.”

“And *will* you be silent on that condition?” asked Tyrrel.

"I will."

"Promise solemnly," said Tyrrel.

"I do."

"Then you shall have what you require."

He then went to the bureau from which he had taken the pistols, and searched for the guilty proofs of his success. Granby, meanwhile, afflicted and harassed with the recent conflict, sat down at the table, leaning forward, his face buried in his hands, painfully recalling the past scenes of this eventful night.

Tyrrel now approached the table, and laid before him, in dogged silence, the evening's spoil, consisting of cash, notes, drafts, and engagements, in Courtenay's hand, to pay immense sums, specified on the paper, by *post-obit* bonds on his grandfather's estate. The magnitude of these sums struck Granby with astonishment and indignation; and he could not help suspecting that Courtenay had been maddened by intoxication, before he could have been

brought to put his hand to that which would render him for life a beggar.

"Are these all?" said Granby, laying his hand upon them.

"Are you not satisfied?" was the answer.

"Not yet. I demand an acknowledgment, in your hand-writing, that you have no further claim to any sums yet unpaid, that may have been won by you from Courtenay."

Tyrrel answered only by a glance of unutterable rage—wrote the required acknowledgment—and saw it also signed by Granby.

"And now, kind cousin," he said, with a forced, ironical composure, "I must also be satisfied in my turn. I ask your promise, your written promise, Sir, that you will never reveal to human being, the—the"—(passion and shame half choked his utterance)—"the history of this night."

"You shall have it," said Granby; and he wrote, and gave it. Tyrrel received it with an

insulting smile. "'Tis well," said he, "and now I laugh at future malice."

"Malice! Tyrrel," said Granby, "I bear you none. I acted in sorrow rather than in anger. I grieve for you—I pity you."

"I scorn your pity!" cried Tyrrel, furiously. "Wretch! would you grind me to the dust, and see me writhe beneath the pity of such as you? I laugh at your forbearance. You have not my thanks—you have my curses for it. It is your mean, grovelling pride that saves me from exposure. You will not brand the head of your house. No, no!—ha! ha!"—(and he laughed wildly)—"who would have thought my blood would have stood me in such good part? Hence! away! sweep from my sight that hellish trash for which I sold myself! It and you are poison to me. I hate you deeply—bitterly—eternally! Ha! do you disbelieve? 'Tis true—true as there is a hell. Do you now know it for the first time? Then learn, blind

fool ! that you have deemed yourself the friend of one who could have stabbed you while he shook your hand. Know that you are, and ever have been, the object of my mortal hatred—that I loathe—I detest you—that my blood curdles at you with abhorrence !” and he foamed with frantic violence.

“ Tyrrel, I never gave you cause,” said Granby, shocked and astonished at this dreadful ebullition of rage.

“ No cause, did you say ?” replied Tyrrel, grinding his teeth with an almost insane expression of fury. “ No cause ! an eternal one ! But you don’t know it—and may you never. You are a viper ! a loathsome, pestilential viper, crawling ever in my path. You haunt my dreams : you poison even my daily pleasures. Do you remember the shudder of detestation with which I first cast my eyes upon you ?”

“ Surely, I had not harmed you then ? Tyrrel, explain yourself.”

Tyrrel seemed to start, as if a sudden recollection crossed him. A marked change took place in his countenance, and anger appeared to be lost at once under the mastery of some more powerful passion."

"It was my presentiment," said he, in an altered tone, while his features stiffened into rigid, gloomy ferocity. "You have done your office—go—leave me."

Granby silently took the papers, and moved towards the door. His face was averted from his cousin, and his hand already on the lock. He was about to take a last, perhaps an eternal leave. Thoughts rushed fast upon him—thoughts that would have filled whole days were pressed into a second. He had indignation boiling at his heart: but the swell of grief was still more powerful, and old affection was not yet cold. Tears were rising in his eyes, and he drew his hand hastily across them. He stepped back towards Tyrrel—"God forgive you!" were his

last words; "farewell—perhaps for ever;" and with one short, sorrowing look, he turned away, and the door closed after him.

CHAPTER XV.

Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my injury
Do I take part; the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance.

The Tempest.

GRANBY rose the next morning, after a short night of stupor rather than of sleep, fatigued in mind and body, and ill-prepared for the distressing interview with Courtenay, which he still had to undergo. The past scenes had not expended all the bitterness of his trying situation—much was still reserved. He was going, under the guise of friendship, to one whom in his heart he must now abhor. Rival is a hateful name—but a dark, slanderous supplanter—an ancient friend, still masking rivalry under the cloak of

kindness ! what reptile could be more abhorrent !

And yet, with all these painful views, there was mingled a sense of satisfaction, nay, even of triumph, in thus being able to practise one of the most sublime and distinguishing precepts of the Christian faith, in nobly rendering good for evil. But he also felt that he but imperfectly executed this glorious injunction. His illustration, however bright, had more of semblance than of truth ; for he was conscious that he did not in his heart forgive. But such, alas ! is human nature, which still shows its weakness even in its most transcendent moments ; for few indeed are those in whom the noblest acts of charity are not alloyed with imperfection.

And now an anxious question was suggested. Should he intimate the suspicions of his wrongs, and call on Courtenay for redress ? Powerful as the temptation was, his generous heart revolted at the thought, and he internally and resolutely answered, no. He would never stoop to sully

his present act of benevolence by casting charges in the teeth of him whom he affected to relieve. To employ the advantages which chance had given him—to make conditional the redemption of his character—to drive a bargain of recompense, and purchase exculpation at the price of his rival's deliverance from ruin—from acts like these he shrunk with abhorrence.—“If he has wronged me,” said he, “let his own self-accusing conscience work his punishment, and teach him to repair his fault : from me he shall never meet reproach.”

He then reflected on the mournful fatality by which the very circumstance of Courtenay's distress, however apparently unconnected with the mysterious displeasure of Caroline, still conspired to debar him from arriving at a knowledge of the truth.

At the appointed hour, Granby set out to call upon Courtenay. On entering the room, he found him negligently dressed, with eyes sunk and heavy, in token of a sleepless night, looking

pale, haggard, and dispirited, his head resting on his hand, and a half-written letter lying on the table before him.

"I am glad you are come—I thank you for this," said Courtenay, in a low, sad tone, rising to receive Granby, and pressing his hand as he spoke.

Granby could not return the pressure—it was painful to receive it. "I do but fulfil my promise," said he, gravely. "My visit is not one of mere condolence: it has another object—an important one; and when that is accomplished, it must end."

"An object! an important one!" said Courtenay, trembling with fear and hope.

"Yes, Courtenay; but I first demand a solemn promise, which may perhaps startle you, but on which, nevertheless, I shall firmly insist, before I explain the business upon which I come. I ask your promise to renounce from henceforth all communication with my cousin Tyrrel. I see you are surprised at this request;

but understand that it is one upon the granting of which your future welfare must depend. It is my primary condition. Refuse me that, and I must withhold the happiness I have in store for you."

Courtenay looked irresolute. "He has been indeed a dangerous acquaintance," said he, "but—to renounce entirely his acquaintance! May not I even speak to him?"

"No, Courtenay—my condition upon that point is absolute. I have reasons for it, so powerful, that if you heard them you would not for an instant hesitate to comply. But those reasons I may not explain. Rest assured that I, the near relation of Tyrrel, would not insist upon these conditions, were I not influenced by circumstances of more than ordinary weight."

A light seemed to break in upon Courtenay.

"Say no more," said he, "I promise."

"'Tis well," said Granby; "and now, Courtenay, I will relate the errand upon which I come. But first let me say, that if I do not also

saddle you with a promise from henceforth to renounce play, it is because I trust that your present sufferings will sufficiently deter you from such a course, and the warning will not have been fruitless. And now," said he, producing the notes and papers, "look carefully over these, and tell me if they include all your losses of last night."

Courtenay gazed at the papers, and at Granby, in mute astonishment, as if unable rightly to comprehend his meaning.

"Examine them," repeated Granby, "examine them, and return your answer."

The colour came and went on Courtenay's cheek, as he complied with this demand, and his hand trembled as he turned over the papers.

"They contain all I lost," said he, at length, "but why," he added, with a flush of shame, "why do you ask?—and why are they produced? It may be difficult to conceal it, but I could still wish to hide from you in its full extent my folly and its consequences."

“ You will soon have reason to thank Heaven that your wish was not granted. Courtenay, those notes and bonds are once more your’s. You are not ruined—your losses are remitted—and here, in Tyrrel’s writing, is an acknowledgment that he now considers you to owe him nothing.”

Courtenay heard with breathless attention. His countenance assumed an expression of emotion which it would be difficult to define; an ejaculation of gratitude half escaped him; and then his features quivered, and he sunk on a chair, and buried his face in his hands.

Granby regarded him in silence—heard a deep and stifled sob—and saw a tear trickle through his fingers. His own feelings, as he thus observed him, experienced frequent and violent changes. Now, he viewed him as the former friend, and now again as the suspected slanderer—one instant he would burn with deep and fiery indignation against the man who had blighted all his budding promises of happiness;

and then a better feeling would return, and his heart warm towards the humbled, self-reproaching being whom his own hand had raised from ruin.

Courtenay, after the first burst of emotion had in some degree subsided, rose from his seat, and fervently pressed Granby's hand. He was the first to speak, though his labouring feelings half denied an utterance to his words.

"Granby," he said, "I cannot thank you as I ought. You have saved me from destruction. I never can repay the debt I owe you. I judge how my deliverance was effected; but I will ask nothing, nor will I ever utter what I think. Silence on that point is due to you, and 'tis a small part, Granby, of my debt. Do not think me cold or sparing in professions.—I feel too deeply what I owe you, to express fluently my sense of it. All that I would say to you seems inadequate. But you will understand me, Granby; you will not think the worse of

an old friend, for want of words to tell his thanks."

"No," said Granby, in a grave tone, "I shall not think the worse of you for *that*. I did my duty, and am satisfied. I do not want profuse thanks. I value deeds—not words."

"And by deeds my gratitude shall be shewn," said Courtenay. "Direct me as you will; point out the course, and I will take it. You have restored me to the power of acting, and it is fit you should govern my proceedings. Name your wish, and I will do it."

"I make no terms," said Granby, coldly. "Probe your conscience, and that will best direct you, Courtenay;" and as he said this, he cast upon him a keen look at once of scrutiny and scorn.

Courtenay did not steadily withstand it. His countenance fell, and he turned away with a deep sigh. "I do," said he, at length, "and it accuses me as much, and more, perhaps, than

you can do. I am not blind to my own errors. I have shamefully yielded to an infatuation, which at its first approach I might have resisted. I have suffered myself to be hoodwinked by a—but no—no matter—he is your relation, and I will say no more. Some might try to screen their conduct under the name of folly, rather than of wickedness; but it is wickedness, and sorely has it been punished. Even to regain one's losses is but a feeble recompense. There is no recompense for the anxious days, the sleepless nights, the fevered, racked, agitated spirits, strained to torture. And then those sudden, terrible alternations of hope and fear—at one moment, despair, that weighs one as it were to the earth, and then a short glimpse of triumph and joy—but vile, moody, horrid joy—the joy of a devil rather than a man. Oh, Granby, I cannot describe what I have felt, nor can you understand it all—for you have never felt it—

and may you never. But it is past, thank God—the misery is past, and with it the infatuation. I will look forward cheerfully; and if you, Granby, will still be my friend, I may yet be happy—happier than I deserve.”

“I would be your friend,” said Granby, “but not in mere appearance, Courtenay; not the mere convenient friend, to be worn with the best gloss on, and thrown aside like a cast off glove.”

“Granby, I know I have much to answer for. I have neglected you; I know it; and if I repented it before, think how I must repent it now. But, Granby, hear the real fact: I durst not meet you—I confess it most humbly. My conscience accused me so bitterly, that I felt as if I could not see you with the same composure and confidence as before.”

Granby attentively regarded him, as if expecting a confession. But Courtenay relapsed into mournful silence, folded his arms, and

sighed heavily. Granby moved towards the door, as if to depart, and Courtenay recovering from his fit of abstraction, stepped forward to prevent him. "Do not go yet," said he; "say first that I may still consider you my friend."

"Courtenay," replied Granby, in a severe tone, "if your own heart sincerely tells you that I have not shewn myself deficient in good offices towards you, and you have not made an ill return; if you are still what once I thought you, you may consider me your friend. But my eyes have become more vigilant of late, and my feelings, too, perhaps more keen. I will not tamely be deceived. I will not be the friend of ——" slanderer and hypocrite were on his tongue, but he remembered his resolution, and suppressed the accusation.

"A gambler, did you mean to say? Well, be it so; I am not worthy, I confess, that you should regard me as you once did. You can-

not think more meanly of me than I do of myself. Your opinion of me may have been widely changed, and well it may ; but I must ever preserve for you that grateful regard which I now feel."

"I cannot judge of your present feelings," said Granby.

"Do you then think that I am not grateful, Granby? Say anything but that. I do not know whether I have expressed myself properly, but I thought at any rate you would supply what was deficient. I could have said more—much more ; but I thought you did not seem to wish it."

"No, Courtenay, you have said enough ; and now farewell," said he, extending his hand.

"Say, first," said Courtenay, grasping it, "that you believe me grateful."

Granby covered his eyes with his hand, and a momentary struggle seemed to agitate his mind. "I do," he replied, "and now

farewell. May you be happy and successful in every worthy endeavour; and if you sacrifice my friendship, it is a trivial sacrifice, and may you find others to replace it." Then looking at him steadily and mournfully, and with one more pressure of the hand, he left the room.

The impressions Granby received during this last interview, were gloomy and dispiriting. He was touched by the sense of Courtenay's misery; and compassion struggled hard at times with jealousy and indignation. But there was in Courtenay's manner a conscious acquiescence in the justness of his rebukes, which recalled his doubts, and might well appear to justify suspicion. Was Courtenay's application of them to his gambling offences sincere and real? or was it but a cloak to account for the embarrassment which he could not conceal? These were questions which he laboured fruitlessly to decide.

Granby occupied himself the more with these

speculations, because he felt that they rendered him less sensible of the desolate nature of his situation; for when he turned to look upon *that*, what a deserted being did he appear! And yet he half wondered why he felt so. In London, the centre of society and amusement, in possession of a large acquaintance, the loss of five, nay, three individuals, had made that busy world to him a wilderness. There was the Jermyn family;—they were lost to him. Of the parents he thought not much—but Caroline! that was indeed a blow. There was Courtenay—one whom he had long and intimately known—whose character he had once esteemed—whose society was so agreeable to him;—*he* was worse than lost—a thorn in his side—a rival—a foe under the mask of friendship; and though he had long dispensed with his society, the loss came heaviest on him now. Then there was Tyrrel—a case still more cruel—the near relation—the friend so earnest in profession—to whom he had begun to cling with

a brother's love. Here the reverse was horrible : infamy in the place of honour—instead of a support, a blot—instead of friendship, deadly hate—hate, rankling, he knew not why—ever burning, and long concealed under the semblance of affection.

Each of these cases was sufficiently agitating ; but the combination of them was desolating and oppressive, to a degree that seemed to shut out comfort. It is true he had many other acquaintance whom he esteemed, and at other times was pleased to see ; but in this present wayward state of gloom, they all alike seemed valueless. He had been cruelly deceived by those on whom he most relied ; and why look for consolation in others, from whom he could have less expected it ? He seemed a solitary being. London became hateful to him. Every favourite resort recalled past scenes of melancholy result. Recreation lost its zest ; society became a blank ; and town a sort of hateful prison, from which

he was eager to escape. There was nothing to detain him ; and, accordingly, a few days after his last interview with Courtenay, he quitted London.

CHAPTER XVI.

The world has been long amused by the mention of policy in public transactions, and of art in private affairs ; they have been considered as the real effects of great qualities, and as unattainable by men of the common level. Yet I have not found many performances, either of art or policy, that required such stupendous efforts of intellect, as might not have been effected by falsehood and impudence, without the assistance of any other powers.

JOHNSON.

WE must now return to trace the dark and devious course of Tyrrel, with the real depravity of whose character past circumstances have already acquainted us. It will be remembered, that in a previous conversation between Granby and his uncle, on the subject of Tyrrel, it was stated by the former, that on his first introduction Tyrrel evinced considerable coldness, which was, however, afterwards exchanged for that friendly warmth of manner which in the

end so effectually conciliated the affections of his cousin.

It must now be stated, that Tyrrel's first manner, however repulsive, was more praiseworthy than his subsequent conduct. The first was the natural expression of his true feelings; the second was the deliberate result of treacherous design. The feelings with which he met Granby for the first time, singular as it may appear, were those of the most determined hatred—a hatred which the unexpectedness of the rencontre did not allow him utterly to suppress. He had not at the moment considered the part he was to act; but a few hours of calm reflection enabled him to digest his plans, to smooth his brow, and call into exercise those pliant powers of dissimulation, with which few persons were more amply endowed.

The result of his deliberation was, a treacherous design to gain the friendship and confidence of his cousin, and by the seductive

influence of play to lure him onward to his ruin. Granby, he knew, had not much to lose, nor were his expectations from his uncle by any means considerable. His qualifications for a pigeon, on the score of fortune, were not therefore very evident; and on this account it is probable that it was rather in Tyrrel's contemplation to obtain an ascendancy over his victim, than to gain immediate advantage of a pecuniary nature. He saw with regret that Granby's mind was not strongly tinctured with a love of play, and that any violent exhibition of that passion in himself, would put his cousin on his guard, and probably induce him to dissolve that intimacy, which, for so vile a purpose, he laboured to cement. He, therefore, cautiously kept out of sight the formidable extent of his own proceedings, and instead of alarming his companion by the abrupt display of hundreds, carelessly lost and won, he delicately strove to excite and cherish the dormant passion

by the frequent application of trifling b  ts, which he artfully laid on the losing side.

This plan was partially successful ; and Tyrrel, after joyfully observing the increased avidity with which these easy baits were taken, determined to commence the siege ; and accordingly opened his first parallel with the whist party at his own rooms. The failure of this *coup d'essai* we have already witnessed. He had been too hasty in his measures. His destined victim was not ripe for plunder ; and, fearful of discovery should he repeat the same attack, or, what was almost as bad, suspicion, he cast about for other means, and resolved, if possible, to act through the medium of another person.

For this purpose he selected Courtenay ; and there were many circumstances to confirm his choice. He had much to lose, was of an easy temper, fond of play, and the friend of Granby. Tyrrel could enrich himself with his spoils, and then, having got him completely in his power,

would use him as a species of decoy to draw Granby into the same snare.

The apparent ruin in which he involved Courtenay, and the consequent despair to which he drove him, may seem to militate against this design. But Tyrrel did not intend that the ruin should be real, or the despair lasting. He fully intended on the following morning to have restored to Courtenay a considerable part of the losses of the preceding night ; consisting of sums which he had not the present means of paying, and engagements for their discharge, which Tyrrel obtained not so much with a view of rendering them available in a pecuniary point of view, as for the purpose of terrifying his victim into a sense of absolute dependency. He then, with apparent generosity, would have remitted what was of no immediate use ; thereby establishing, as he expected, a powerful hold on his companion's mind ; and this he intended still to strengthen, by the loan of money to supply his immediate necessities. Then, by the assistance

of certain accommodating Jews of his acquaintance, he doubted not that he should soon be able to lead Courtenay into such a maze of embarrassment and vice, as should preclude escape from his trammels. He should then engage him to assist in the furtherance of his designs on Granby; and, thus assailed by the two most intimate of his friends, Granby, he thought, would surely fall.

But there was one circumstance, above all others, which appeared to Tyrrel to present a serious obstacle to the accomplishment of his designs on Granby; and this was, the attachment of his cousin to Miss Jermyn—an attachment by which his mind would be rendered less accessible to the insidious fascinations of play. In order, therefore, that he might succeed, it was necessary that this attachment should be suppressed, and the hopes of an alliance quenched for ever in Granby's breast.

After the confirmation of his previous suspicions by the disclosure of the lock of hair, he

seriously began to devise means for counteracting the dreaded union. It was desirable, in the first place, that he should establish himself as soon as possible on a familiar footing with the Jermyn family. This he found no difficulty in effecting; nor was it likely that he should. He was a sort of relation, and a relation whom, though distant, they were happy to acknowledge. He was also a man of rank and fortune, good address, and one who knew the world, and was much seen in society.

It had been whispered, indeed, that Tyrrel played; but so did many fashionable people. And if he did, what was that to them? Caroline remembered, too, the harsh remark on Tyrrel's character, made in her hearing by Trebeck at Hemingsworth. But Trebeck was so much in the habit of saying very severe things, of persons whom she had heard well spoken of in other quarters, that she was not inclined to place much reliance on his opinion.

Thus, therefore, in spite of all that the busy

world had whispered to his disadvantage, Tyrrel ensured to himself an uniformly good reception from every member of the Jermyn family. Sir Thomas Jermyn liked him for lending such a patient ear to his oft-repeated interminable advice, to get, like him, a seat in parliament. Lady Jermyn liked him because he was *somebody*, and a good *parti*, and fashionable, and *all that*. And Caroline—she had her reason too:—she liked him because he was Granby's cousin.

The intimacy which Tyrrel thus established he was careful to conceal from Granby, and seldom spoke to him unsolicited about the Jermyns, or talked much to them in his presence. He became, as Granby had with pain observed, less communicative respecting his engagements, and began to devote those mornings, which he used to pass with *him*, to the company of Courtenay, and an occasional hour with Lady Jermyn and her daughter.

In the presence of the latter, Tyrrel uniformly spoke of Granby with the kindness natural to

such near relationship; hinted many trivial foibles, but always laughed good-humouredly, and seemed disposed to palliate them; and though he never gave an imposing picture of his cousin, he was always careful not to present them with an unamiable one. In short, from the tone of his conversation, a stranger would have gathered, that Granby was a good sort of youth, not overburthened with intellect, for whom Tyrrel could not help feeling a sort of liking, although at the same time he rather despised him.

We say a *stranger* would have gathered this impression from Tyrrel's remarks on Granby; because in fact they failed in conveying this idea to the mind of Caroline. Her previous opinion of Granby so fully occupied her mind, that she was quite unable to admit another so dissimilar. That Tyrrel should despise Granby, was to her so inconceivable, that she never gave room to the supposition; and, for her, Tyrrel's insidious, well-aimed blows at the dignity of his relation, fell pointless.

But there were other impressions respecting Granby, which Tyrrel laboured to convey, in which he was infinitely more successful, and to which her jealous love had made her feelingly alive. He represented Granby in all the various lights in which he could be viewed by the eye of love with most dissatisfaction. He described him as being, in scenes from which she was absent, gay, light-hearted, and eager for amusement; generally capricious in his taste, and obviously inconstant in his attachments. He made him a sort of male coquet; but in so doing took care to strip him of the more captivating features of that character. He drew him as the seeker, rather than the sought; not as one whose powers of pleasing had encouraged him in a pursuit where success was ever adding fresh fuel to his vanity, but as the heedless, restless flutterer, the nine days' captive of every new wonder; for ever the slave of successive loves at first-sight, and one whose vain and fleeting homage generally excited the ridicule even of her who was its temporary object.

All this it was distressing to hear ; more so perhaps than more serious charges might have been. But distressing as it was, she durst not shew the grief she felt ; nor if she had, could she have expected the sympathy of the narrator. What—should they lament that Henry Granby was gay, happy, and amused ? No ; while her heart throbbed, and her cheek grew pale with agitation, she must still force a sickly and unmeaning smile at Tyrrel's lively narrative.

Tyrrel recalled these painful thoughts with unmerciful assiduity. He knew that prudence did not permit his touches to be strong, and as he understood the force of repetition, he gave to them in frequency what they wanted in force and distinctness. Scarcely a beauty of the day was mentioned, but he backed his own commendations by the authority of his friend Granby ; and ventured once to relate a story, made up of misrepresented facts, describing Granby's ludicrous manoeuvres to secure himself an intro-

duction to some fashionable fair one, and his laughable misery till he succeeded.

In short, by frequent indirect strokes of this description, did Tyrrel labour to convey to Caroline the same species of impression, which, by one able *coup de main*, Trebeck had implanted in Granby's mind. But the lady, to her credit be it spoken, was less credulous than her lover; and though she could not impeach the veracity of Tyrrel, yet she was willing to think that, in his lively and superficial way of looking at his cousin's conduct, he might very easily be mistaken; especially as he had already shewn a defect of judgment (in her opinion) in undervaluing Granby's talents.

In this warm, guileless confidence in a lover's truth, Caroline might long have continued firm, had not Granby, by his own conduct, impelled her to withdraw it. She knew what he once was, and, in spite of all that could be said, she would fain believe him still the same. But when she saw him the infatuated follower of a vain,

heartless coquette—the willing worshipper of Miss Darrell—she began to think that she it was who had been mistaken ; and all that Tyrrel had ever dropped in conversation recurred to her with double force.

We know the line of conduct she pursued ; we know how she laboured to affect an indifference which she did not feel ; and we may guess what she suffered.

Caroline's outward indifference was observed by Tyrrel with satisfaction, but it was a satisfaction founded chiefly on delusion. He little knew the secret struggles of her wounded, yet still warm affections. He thought the feelings of the softer sex lay ever flickering on the surface, observable to every eye. He did not give them credit either for depth of feeling, or for the power of concealing it. He thought he had attained his end, and flattered himself that Granby was already an object of indifference to Caroline, and soon to be forgotten by her.

Having thus obtained one object, another soon presented itself. He had heard, or read the observation, that at no period are we more susceptible of attachment than after the subsiding of the first burst of disappointment, caused by the unprosperous termination of a former passion. This he thought was precisely the case with Miss Jermyn, and were he disposed to play the suitor, no time could be better than the present.

He also derived additional encouragement from her demeanour towards himself. It was frank, and almost affectionate. She met him evidently with pleasure, and talked to him with less reserve than to any other gentleman in whose company he had ever seen her. The cause of this was plain and simple. Caroline regarded Tyrrel only as the friend and relation of Granby. This was the principal point of view, under some modification, in which he never failed to appear to her: and hence all her ideas respecting him were insensibly derived.

Springing, as they did, from such a source, they could not fail to be agreeable. Between her and Tyrrel there seemed to arise a secret bond of union, in mutual regard for Granby. Hence her open friendliness of manner—hence her air of confidence. All the coquettish delicacies of love were banished utterly from her mind. She never thought of treating Tyrrel as one who might become her suitor. He seemed, by his relationship to Granby, to be within that close-drawn pale which must preclude the very notion of a nearer connexion.

All this did Caroline feel ; but Tyrrel could not see it. He was a man of quickness and address, and no mean judge of character. Few were better qualified for the defensive warfare of society, or could with more acuteness penetrate deceit. But it was with the worst parts of human nature that Tyrrel was the best acquainted—its softer features frequently escaped him. With all his exterior refinement, he had an innate coarseness of sentiment, that pre-

vented him from analysing the delicate mazes of a female heart. He viewed it with a cold, dull, generalizing eye. He understood, as well as most, the hackneyed tactics of gallantry ; but a certain obtuseness of mental vision, concealed from him the finer springs of action with which a woman's breast is fraught. A heart like Caroline's was to him inscrutable. He could not penetrate the delicacy of its sentiments, and accordingly drew from her behaviour only these two unqualified facts—that she had ceased to care for Granby, and that his own society was agreeable to her.

It now also occurred to him, that she was very pretty and attractive, and therefore one with whom it was excusable to fall in love ; and that she was heiress apparent to a considerable fortune, and therefore one whom it was desirable to marry. With a mind made up on these points, he began to increase the frequency of his morning visits, and endeavoured to glide quietly into the character of an “ *ami de maison*.” He now,

too, began to direct his conversation rather more exclusively than heretofore to Caroline.

Lady Jermyn saw all this ; but had no intention of interfering. It was exactly the sort of case in which she might safely gain some credit by forbearance, and make amends for past violence on her daughter's affections, by leaving her, in this instance, to do exactly as she liked.

CHAPTER XVII.

I'll devise some honest slander
To stain my cousin with ; one doth not know
How much an ill word may empoison liking.
Much Ado about Nothing.

ON the day previous to the dinner party at Mrs. Dormer's, where Granby met the Jermyns, Tyrrel called at Sir Thomas Jermyn's, and having ascertained from the servant, that Sir Thomas and Lady Jermyn were both of them from home, and that only Miss Jermyn was left within, contrary to custom in such cases, went in, and was shewn into the drawing-room, where he found Caroline sitting alone.

An opportunity so tempting, was not to be resisted ; and as Tyrrel had a great idea of the efficacy of a *coup de main*, after a few prelimi-

nary declarations of his high consideration, admiration, and love, and a few little encomiums on her manifold perfections, he made at once an offer of his hand.

Caroline listened to his proposal with an air of unqualified astonishment. Wonder was her prevailing sentiment. Tyrrel saw her perplexity, though he did not understand its cause—assured her he was serious—and repeated, with additional force, his protestations of unalterable love.

“Mr. Tyrrel!” said Caroline, still almost breathless with surprise and embarrassment, “you do me great honour—but indeed—I was not prepared for this—I never regarded you in this light—I never even thought it probable—”

“But you will not,” interposed Tyrrel, eagerly, “you will not suffer the unexpectedness of my proposal to be any bar to my future happiness? You shall have ample time to view me in this new light. I will not press for an im-

mediate answer. I shall pass a painful period of suspense, it is true; but I shall make the sacrifice with pleasure, if it will be any satisfaction to your mind. Think further—think at your leisure, and alone, on all that I have had the boldness to say. I trust that time will aid my cause.” And so saying, he manifested an intention to depart.

“No, Mr. Tyrrel,” said Caroline, with recovered firmness and composure, “you shall not go away with this impression. Surprised as I am, the longest deliberation could not enable me to return you a more decisive answer than I can give at this moment. I must positively refuse your offer.”

“Dear Miss Jermyn! on what account?” said Tyrrel, with mingled surprise and disappointment.

“I am sorry that you should have asked me that question,” replied Caroline. “I thought you must have understood, from the terms on

which we always met, that nothing like attachment," said she, blushing deeper at the word, "could ever exist between us. We have been used to converse familiarly, and have maintained terms of perfect friendship; and I can say, with great sincerity, that I have never seen anything in your character that deserves to forfeit my esteem. But still I must tell you frankly, I do not feel towards you those sentiments which I must feel towards the man whom I can ever think of as my future husband."

"Permit me to ask you, Miss Jermyn, if that is your only reason for refusing me?" said Tyrrel, in a dry, inquiring tone.

"At any rate, Sir, it is a sufficient one," she replied.

"Perhaps," pursued he, not choosing to attend to her reply, "you have no general disinclination to the marriage state; and such a proposal might not have been unacceptable from another person?"

Caroline coloured deeply. "I cannot, Sir," replied she, indignantly, "consider you justified in asking such a question; and on that account I shall refuse to answer it."

"I will not presume to dispute that point," said Tyrrel, with a bow; "but it is certainly not an irrelevant question, or an unimportant one. It is of no slight moment to the feelings of the rejected person."

"I also have feelings," said Caroline, "which have some claim to consideration."

Tyrrel returned no immediate answer. The whole truth presented itself to his mind. He saw that the love which he thought cold, was only smothered for a while. He saw, that if he was rejected, it was for Granby's sake alone, and that it was probably not so much his own merit, as the relationship with Granby, which had procured him her regard.

Wounded pride, mortified ambition, malice, revenge, and the hatred which he bore to Granby,

now rose in quick succession in his mind. He walked once or twice across the room before he again addressed her.

"Miss Jermyn," said he, at length, "*I am* satisfied. I give you full credit for being explicit; but more I am not disposed to grant. I had heard that consistency was not a female virtue: but you had made me doubt it till now. Caprice may have its charms for some, and to such I leave it. You have deceived me, Miss Jermyn—I do not say *wilfully*, but you *have* deceived me, nevertheless."

"My sentiments," said Caroline, "have never been changed to your disadvantage. They have never been more favourable to you than they are now. But I will say no more," said she, with emotion—"I am not required to defend myself against every assertion which you may choose to make."

"No, Miss Jermyn," replied Tyrrel, "you are not bound to offer any explanation. Perhaps," he added, with a malicious smile, "it is

I who rather ought to account for my behaviour ; and, considering the displeasure which it appears to have excited, I cannot refrain from so doing. Indeed; I can again say, that I have been deceived. I have had wrong impressions given me by one who must have known you. Nay, I was even advised to propose to you—urged to it by a friend—one with whom you used to be tolerably well acquainted—one, in fact, who was formerly an admirer, as he himself told me. There can be no harm in mentioning his name—I mean my cousin, Henry Granby.”

Caroline, though in some degree prepared by the preceding description, could not help starting when the name was uttered. “ Mr. Tyrrel, what are you saying ?” said she, turning pale with agitation.

“ I mean merely to say,” replied Tyrrel, with an air of calmness, “ that if I have been guilty of presumption in making this seemingly unexpected proposal—if I have ventured to think that you were easily to be won—more easily than

to my sorrow I find—I may plead, as some excuse, that I was misled by the suggestions of another.”

“And do you mean to tell me that this person——”

“Yes, this person was my cousin Granby.”

“Oh, no, no, impossible!” exclaimed Caroline, in uncontrollable agony of mind.

“Impossible! why so, Miss Jermyn?”

“Oh! he would never speak of me so.”

“He *ought* not to have spoken so of you; that I admit, and the result proves it. Good as his intentions doubtless were, I cannot help feeling some displeasure at him myself, for having led me to entertain hopes that are now proved to be false.”

“But you must have misunderstood him,” said Caroline. “Upon what grounds could he have said that I was likely to admit your addresses?”

“I am sorry that you should press the inquiry, because if you do, I am afraid I shall be

obliged to say that which may offend your delicacy. But since you desire it, I will tell you all. My cousin Granby never actually presumed to say, that you would accept me if I offered myself; but discovering the bent of my wishes, he at various times, sometimes directly, sometimes indirectly, threw in arguments to remove the diffidence I felt. I cannot mention the precise words he may have used; I only recollect their sense. This, however, I remember—that one day, when my cousin had been talking a great deal of good-natured, complimentary stuff, which I was fool enough to believe, about my expectations and so forth, and the propriety of my marrying soon and well, and mentioned you as the most proper object of my choice, (excuse my saying this, Miss Jermyn—remember that I tell it at your request)—he then went on to say—(I must beg your pardon beforehand for what I am going to repeat)—he went on to say, that I should have very little trouble in gaining your consent, for that he

knew from circumstances which had passed, relative to yourself and him, that you were of a very susceptible disposition—'susceptible' was his word, and he smiled significantly as he said it."

Caroline burst into tears.

"Miss Jermyn," said Tyrrel, after a short pause, in a soothing, apologetic tone, "I entreat your pardon most humbly, most sincerely, for having given you this pain. I did not mean to afflict you so. I never thought you would have felt it so keenly."

"Oh! it cannot be true," said Caroline, still weeping, "and if it is true, why is it told me?"

"Nay, Miss Jermyn, was it not at your request?"

"I never expected to have heard such calumny," said Caroline, without regarding him.

"Calumny!" repeated Tyrrel, turning pale at the word, but quickly recovering his composure; "calumny is a strong word; and I must say, in justice to my cousin, that I do not think

he had any intention of misrepresenting you wilfully."

" Oh, no, no ; I am sure he had not. When I spoke of calumny, I did not mean calumny of myself, but of him. I am sure he must be falsely charged."

" Miss Jermyn !" said Tyrrel, in a well assumed tone of surprise and indignation, " this is a serious imputation, but it is a hasty one, and I forgive it. Why should I wish to accuse my cousin Granby falsely ? Good heavens ! how could you suppose it ? Besides, of what have I accused him ? In what, after all, consists his crime ? In a mere trifling error of judgment. No, Miss Jermyn, on his account it is but fair in me to say, that if there is a fault anywhere, it is not so much in his having carelessly said these idle things, as in my repeating them to you. It is I, not he, that deserve your anger. I am willing to bear the blame : I cannot suffer your displeasure to light unfairly upon an ab-

sent person. And furthermore allow me to say, that had I known I was to be called upon for proofs, I could easily have procured a pretty good memorial in confirmation of my words—a little love token that he shewed me, that perhaps you have by this time almost forgotten. It was a mere childish keep-sake, he told me—a thing that meant nothing—a little romantic whim of the time. I believe he said he asked you for it. It was of no consequence, but it only shewed, as he observed, that you were easily wrought upon. Perhaps you may remember it—it was a lock of your own hair.”

Caroline, who had listened in breathless anxiety, almost screamed at the mention of the lock, and covered her face with her hands.

“I am sorry I mentioned it,” said Tyrrel, in a soft, compassionate tone. “I see it distresses you, though I really do not know why it should. I am sure I imagined you would think as lightly of it as he does. He laughed

and talked, and joked about it, and so I thought perhaps would you."

"And did you see it?" said Caroline, anxiously."

"Certainly I did."

"And did he show it you?" she added, in the same hurried tone.

"Certainly—how otherwise could I have seen it? though I remember, now, he mentioned something about a promise not to do so, but quite in a careless, sportive way, so that I scarcely recollected it. I am sure, by his manner, that he did not regard it as a serious promise, of any moment; if he had, he certainly would have kept it. I can answer for it, Miss Jermyn, that my cousin is too much a man of honour to violate a promise which he considered to be binding. He must not forfeit your good opinion for such a slight offence as this. I am sure he looked upon the lock of hair, as a mere innocent girlish gift."

"I have heard too much of this, Sir," said Caroline; "say no more, I entreat you."

"You shall be no longer teased by further importunities from me," said Tyrrel, bowing and stepping back; "but say first that you forgive me for my boldness; grant that one simple favour to a rejected man. And poor Granby—I shall be vexed, Miss Jermyn, if I have been the cause of rendering you displeased with him. Say that you forgive him too. Poor fellow, he has sorrows enough already, without being visited with your displeasure."

"Sorrows! what sorrows?" said Caroline, eagerly.

"Sorrows which I know how to pity. He is a rejected man, like me. That flirt, Miss Darrell, will not accept him. I knew how that affair would end."

Caroline uttered a faint exclamation—turned away her face—and rose hastily to depart.

"Pray, Miss Jermyn, do not repeat this,"

continued Tyrrel, "it would not be kind to Granby;—and besides, the fact is not generally known."

Caroline returned no answer, and still moved towards the door.

"Say that you forgive me before you go," said Tyrrel, stepping before her. "Your hand at parting—may not I?" said Tyrrel.

She extended it towards him in token of forgiveness. Tyrrel attempted to kiss the proffered hand; upon which she hastily withdrew it, and without another word or look, walked instantly out of the room.

Any comment on the feelings excited in Caroline by this scene, would be superfluous. Of the tendency of those feelings we can easily judge, though not of their acuteness; and we have already witnessed their unfortunate result, in her behaviour to Granby on the following day at Mrs. Dormer's.

Tyrrel, the guilty cause of her distress, after the first malicious glow of exultation at the

success of his calumnious practices, began to feel a certain fear, lest Caroline in her indignation should reproach Granby with his imputed sins, and thereby betray the slanderer, and mar his plans by an explanation. A consideration of Caroline's character and habits, frequently led him to admit, that such a circumstance was by no means probable; yet nevertheless he determined, if possible, to mar all intercourse between her and Granby. For this purpose he began to attach himself closely to the former, that he might be a constant spy upon his actions and intercourse, in case of danger.

The interview between Caroline and Granby, at Mrs. Dormer's, turned out exactly as Tyrrel wished; but the invitation of Sir Thomas Jermyn struck him with no slight dismay. If Granby should once become a visitor, detection would infallibly ensue. He made, as we have seen, ineffectual attempts to work upon his cousin's

pride, and induce him to reject the proffered civility. He then endeavoured, and succeeded in postponing the visit to another day; but still his hopes were almost desperate; and it is probable that his purpose would have failed, but for the timely fracas at the Opera. This gave him an opportunity of putting the crown to his villanous duplicity towards Granby, by encouraging him to write to Sir Thomas Jermy, in explanation of the circumstances just alluded to, and then taking charge of the letter, but in reality withholding it, and sending to Granby, as the supposed reply to it, that insulting note, which seemed necessarily to put an end to all future intercourse between the two families.

Such were the extensive and insidious plans of Tyrrel, to effect the ruin of his cousin Granby; an object which, according to the reader's present knowledge of the relative situation and prospects of the two parties, will seem

scarcely adequate to the means employed in gaining it. But on this point, the course of our narrative will speedily open other views.

CHAPTER XVIII.

What equal torment to the griefe of minde,
And pyning anguish hid in gentle heart,
That inly feeds itself with thoughts unkinde,
And nourisheth her own consuming smart ?
What medicine can any leeches art
Yield such a sore, that doth her grievance hide,
And will to none her malady impart ?

SPENSER.

WE return once more to Henry Granby, whom we shall now find at the house of his uncle, sad and dispirited, brooding gloomily on the past, and hopelessly looking towards the future. He had gone up to town with high hopes, and miserably had they been disappointed. He had sought amusement—he had encountered care. He expected agreeably to extend his circle of acquaintance; and while gaining a few whom he little regarded, he had lost those whom he

most valued. He fondly hoped to be gradually reinstated in his former intimacy with the Jermyms. But how was the prospect darkened here! He was irretrievably excluded from their society; and Caroline, even Caroline, was the least favourably disposed towards him; and it was an aggravation of the case, that he knew not the cause of her displeasure.

He frequently debated with himself, whether he should acquaint the General with all the painful circumstances that had befallen him in London. It would be a great comfort, to be able to communicate his sorrow to one so kind and liberal as his uncle. But this was a selfish consideration, to which he did not allow himself to yield. He had no right to give his uncle needless pain, and destroy the generous satisfaction which he seemed to feel in the idea that Henry had passed his time in town agreeably. In his letters to his uncle he had studied to be gay, and never communicated any but the bright and cheering side of every object; and

in this well-intended plan he resolved still to persevere.

Accordingly, he said very little about the Jermyns, but told his uncle that they had made civil inquiries after him, and did not appear to have taken serious offence at the affair of the letter. Of the Opera-house squabble, and the subsequent note, he made no mention—thinking that such a disclosure would only tend to exasperate his uncle, from whose interference in such a case he could not look for benefit.

He preserved the same silence with respect to Tyrrel, and his offence. Indeed he doubted whether he was not bound to this by his promise, as he had made no reservation in favour of the General. But though he kept from his uncle's sight his various subjects of uneasiness, and strove to speak on every topic that occurred, if not with gaiety, at least with contentment, yet were his efforts ineffectual, and vainly did he strive to assume in appearance the cheerfulness which he did not feel.

His depression did not escape the General's eye. He had hoped that society would not have been without its use, in awakening the energies of his nephew; and upon observing the recurrence of his former melancholy, began to be uneasy on his account. He frequently blamed himself for having thwarted his nephew's wish to enter a profession; the stimulus of which he now thought, would probably have been effectual in counteracting the growing evil of depression. He almost doubted whether he had not judged amiss in not having even compelled him to embrace some active course of life. "Heaven knows," said he, "I have acted as I thought for the best—with good intentions, if not with wise ones. I have done all I could for the boy, and ever will, please God. He thinks perhaps that I ought not to have brought him up in idleness; but he cannot know my reasons for doing so, nor may I tell them to him yet; but the time will come, and soon perhaps," and the old man sighed as he said it.

He took an early opportunity of sounding his nephew on the subject of entering a profession : but the incentive which before had proved so powerful in Henry's breast was now lost, and despondency had chilled and paralyzed his once keen spirit of exertion. He therefore replied with languid indifference to his uncle's inquiries, and professed with truth to have no disposition for any particular line of employment.

Satisfied on this point, the General's benevolent mind was soon at work to devise some other remedy that might prove suitable to his nephew's case. He remembered the delight with which Henry frequently recurred to his former tour on the continent ; and cheerfully sacrificing the pleasure which he felt in his society, strongly urged him to go abroad.

Henry liked the idea of this as much as in his present state of mind he was disposed to like anything ; but having been latterly so long separated from his uncle, he felt some scruples about leaving him. The General, however, made such

a point of his travelling, that Henry eventually complied; and about a month after his return from London, set out for the continent.

“*Voyager*,” says Madame de Stael, “*est quoi-qu'on puisse dire, un des plus tristes plaisirs de la vie*,” and so in truth it is, to those who use it as the means of flying from that unhappy, morbid self which they must ever carry with them. To such as these, to travel is but “to drag a lengthening chain;” and the home-sick repining of the wearied tourist, is ever adding fresh fuel to his former malady. The separation from our friends, which travel necessarily induces, must throw some gloom across its pleasure; but its natural influence is cheering. Perhaps, of all amusements, it alone has the property of lengthening time to our perception, even when it makes it glide more smoothly. Our ideas are multiplied by change of scene, so that we seem to live a double existence, even in the midst of doubled pleasure. With good health and buoyant spirits, a journey will always be the object of

present recreation and lively retrospect. In truth, our pleasures are what we make them. They spring less from external objects, than from our own internal sense of them. The eye of gloom sees only strangers, where the lively and curious mind regards the same as persons from whom it hopes to extract information or amusement. We pity as heartily as Sterne could do, "the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and cry, 'Tis all barren.

Such was not exactly Granby's case in his journey from Calais to Paris; for though his spirits were not gay, his mind was much alive to inquiry, and he looked about him with some degree of interest, though he did not recognise "*la belle France*" in the treeless, bare, interminable corn-fields, or "*la Grande Nation*," and "*la gaieté Française*," in the squalid mendicant population of the desolate villages through which he passed. He saw, however, a vast expanse of cultivated ground, which must necessarily diffuse its plenty somewhere; and though he looked in

vain for the rich confusion of an English landscape, he might reflect that no space was lost in hedgerows, and think with the American, that the country around him was "finely cleared."

In Granby's case, too, the journey teemed with old recollections, which were, many of them, pleasantly revived. It was agreeable to live over the past again, and to recognize in a foreign land, where all was expected to be new and strange, a motley host of old acquaintance, both living and inanimate. From the same window of the same hotel, he saw the very Diligence that he had admired before, and just the same, even to its dirt;—looking as if it had not been cleaned since; respectable in its dinginess; each dusty wheel creaking in well-known accents. And there was the very pig-tailed postilion, with his short blue jacket laced with red, shining black hat, with rim curved like a half moon, and boots that seemed his better half. And there was Monsieur le Conducteur, the counterpart of our mail-coach guard; fat, like his fellow on our

side of the water; but there the resemblance ceases, for Monsieur le Conducteur has a martial air about him, which not even the red coat could ever give to our English guard. Instead of the broad-brimmed, low-crowned hat, a blue foraging cap is jauntily cocked over the right temple; instead of the Belcher, he has a loose black handkerchief round his neck; chitterlings up to his eyes; a long velveteen jacket without skirts; and a large military cloak to supply the place of an upper benjamin.

Reminiscences of this kind, in some degree compensate for the want of that eager, wondering interest, with which one traverses a foreign country for the first time. But Granby's wonder had not been all expended in the first tour; and he still felt an emotion of surprise, when, after crossing a very extensive common-field, scarcely occupied by a single house, he found himself at the gates of Paris.

There he found abundant materials for the business of amusement: as who can doubt that has

seen Paris? and who, of the few that have not seen it, will refuse to believe? Much he had to see and hear—and much did he see, and much did he hear accordingly. Often did he pace the Louvre, —that “gorgeous gallery of dainty devices,” splendid still, though stripped of its worse than borrowed plumes; and ever, as he did so, did he lament the neglected state of many of its pictures, and let slip, sometimes, a hearty malediction on the evil deeds of the “*Restaurateurs*.”

There were many other sights to occupy his mornings. He pushed his way through the Exposition des Arts, where he saw a considerable deal of laborious trifling tastefully displayed, and a very imposing exhibition of mis-directed ingenuity, mingled with much that was really admirable. He looked into the French Annual Exhibition, and found that, as usual, it was crowded with many historical pieces of stiff affectation, from the formal followers of the school of David, intermingled here and there with one of better promise. He strolled through the Palais Royale, that

unique epitome of gaiety, luxury, and vice; entered some of the cafés, and saw the French exquisites stow away the surplus of their sugar in their breeches pockets, to make "*sau sucrée*" on the morrow; looked once more into that little room, stuck round with mirrors, which attracts, by its imposing name, so many of our countrymen, and disappoints them when they see it; smiled at the grave obsequious homage paid by her countrymen to the presiding goddess, "*un peu passée*," that sits with the air of a princess, at a splendid table decked with flowers, gracefully dispensing copper change. He went now and then to the Académie Royale de Musique, and reprobated their screaming singers, as strongly as he commended the Ballet. He visited the Théâtre François, and would certainly have gone to sleep there, had it not been for wonder at the animation which Talma gave to his heavy, prosy, spiritless part; and barring certain clawings, and pawings, and shakings of the hand, that were neither natural

nor graceful, thought him the finest actor he had ever seen. He enjoyed their comedies and farces; saw grace personified in Mademoiselle Mars, and genuine humour in the quiet drolleries of Potier and Perlet. He admired again, as warmly as ever, some of their beautiful public buildings, and reprobated just as much their narrow, dirty, unsavoury streets; and in spite of that exculpatory phrase, could not approve of "*la totalité de la rue.*" He did not revisit the Salon des Etrangers—it put him too much in mind of Tyrrel: nor did he lose his way, as heretofore, in the Catacombs. But excepting these, he once more made the tour of almost all that this far-famed capital offers to the curious.

Meanwhile he had not been unmindful of affording his uncle the frequent satisfaction of hearing from him; and he had received one letter in return. It contained a good deal of that quiet gossip, which is peculiarly acceptable from a correspondent at home, but which cannot be

interesting to any but those whom it immediately concerns ; nor would it probably have been very interesting to Granby, had it not come across the Channel. There was, however, one part of the letter, which excited his attention in a high degree, and surprised him not a little at the same time. The following is the part in question.

“ You will be glad to hear that our misunderstanding with the Jermyns is in a fair way of being entirely made up, and I trust that we shall soon become as good friends as we ever were. I have received a letter from Sir Thomas Jermyn, which I wish you were here to see, for it is a very civil, friendly letter, and I think would give you pleasure, and do him credit in your mind. He inquires very kindly after my health, and says how happy it would make him and Lady Jermyn, to see me at Brackingsley. But that is quite out of the question. I suppose he does not know that I never go out anywhere. However, it was very well meant. He

also mentions you, and regrets that he saw so little of you in town. He says, the last he saw of you was for a few minutes at the Opera, where he was in trouble about his carriage. I don't know what he alludes to. You never mentioned anything of the kind to me. He says he thought he should have met you again, but that probably you went out of town soon afterwards. A Mr. Smith, a friend of his, is going to stand for Bradley, in which I have a few houses, and consequently a vote, as perhaps you know. Sir Thomas Jermyn wishes me to support his friend.—I know nothing of him; but for Sir Thomas Jermyn's sake, (if I hear nothing meanwhile to his disadvantage,) I shall be very glad to give him my vote."

The latter part of this extract perfectly accounted for the civility described in its commencement; and Granby could hardly help smiling at the benevolent simplicity of his worthy uncle, while he almost envied the happy

tranquil feeling which such guilelessness of heart promoted. But with the part relating to himself he was completely puzzled. What could Sir Thomas Jermyn mean, by saying that he thought he should have met him again? as if it was Granby's fault that he did not, and as if he himself had not committed an act by which to render all farther intercourse impossible? Was it shame that led him to assume forgetfulness, and gloss over his former conduct? or was it sheer hypocrisy? To be sure, he could not tell how far electioneering views would lead the baronet to cringe to those whom he had previously insulted; but that he should dare to use such language, when, for anything he knew to the contrary, General Granby was acquainted with the whole case, and might even have seen his very note, was perfectly inconceivable.

Granby knew not what to think. His mind fluctuated between satisfaction and displeasure.

Sometimes he was pleased to think that former intercourse might be resumed, and all that had passed be forgotten ; and then again, doubt and suspicion, and disgust at Sir Thomas Jermyn's meanness, poisoned all his promised pleasure.

He debated long what course he should pursue. At length he resolved, in his answer to the General, to give a softened explanation of the disagreement which had taken place between himself and Sir Thomas Jermyn ; tell his doubts ; beg his uncle's assistance in removing them ; and request an extract of that part of Sir Thomas Jermyn's letter which referred to him, in the precise words of the original.

Having despatched a letter to this effect, he, as soon as the lapse of time would permit, began to look anxiously for a reply. But day succeeded day, and he expected one in vain. He became impatient—but what availed impatience here ? He intended to have quitted

Paris, and passed onward to the Rhine; but he now waited beyond the settled time at his old quarters, for fear of missing the expected letter.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The chamber where the good man meets his fate
Is privileged beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven.

YOUNG.

ONE morning, on Granby's return to his hotel, from Galignani's reading-room, he was gratified with the intelligence, that there was a letter for him from England. On opening it, however, his joy was quickly changed into the deepest sorrow, at reading an account from his uncle's housekeeper, that her master had been suddenly seized with an illness which threatened to prove fatal.

Granby immediately resolved to set out for

England that very day ; and consequently much was to be done in the short time previous to his departure. Fortunately he had got his passport signed and counter-signed as many times as is deemed essential by the prudence of the French government, and had gone through all those troublesome forms, by which we are sometimes usefully reminded that there are countries which possess rather less freedom than our own.

A young single man always is, or ought to be, endued with the locomotive faculty in a high degree. By a prompt exertion of this power, Granby, in the course of a few hours, found himself beyond the barriers on his road to England. We will not accompany him in his rapid, but melancholy journey. Suffice it to say, with such expedition did he travel, that having left Paris on the Tuesday evening, on Friday about mid-day he drove into the village of Ashton, and stopped at the well-remembered turn, where a by-road led from the highway to his uncle's house. This was situ-

ated about a quarter of a mile from the public road, and Granby got out and walked to it.

It was a fine but melancholy day ; one of those which this cloudy climate rarely affords, but which, when it comes, is apt to temper our admiration with a certain feeling of gentle sadness. Not a cloud was to be seen, to relieve and brighten by its contrast the monotonous expanse of dull, deep, greyish blue. Not a breeze was heard to rustle through the trees ; scarce a sound disturbed the silence, except the sky-lark twittering on high, you knew not where, and the long drawn chirrup of the grasshopper. A thin haze which was spread over the landscape gave a gloomy indistinctness to the distance, and deepened the flat solemnity of the dark green trees. There was a general, unrelieved, dull light ; so that, unless when looking at your own shadow, you might have almost questioned the reality of the sunshine ; and you might have thought the landscape cold, were not your ideas otherwise diverted,

by the enervating heat that poured down from the luminary above you.

The scene conveyed a sentiment of gloom to the mind of Granby,—who perhaps was predisposed, by the depressing object of his return, to seek food for melancholy. He walked on slowly, with his eyes on the ground, till on turning a well-remembered corner, the house appeared immediately before him, and he raised his head to look at it. The shutters had been closed to keep out the sunshine,—which gave it a deserted air. It looked to Granby like the mansion of death; and as he gazed upon the well known window of his uncle's room, he shuddered to think how soon he might be told, that this room contained the corpse of one so justly dear to him.

He involuntarily stopped as the thought arose, and dreaded to advance and learn the worst; but after a brief internal struggle, he pressed onward with a quickened pace. Still he saw no face that he knew, and heard no

sound familiar to him, till, as he was almost at the door, an old favourite dog of his uncle's came bounding round the corner with a loud angry bark, which, on recognizing Granby, he instantly softened into a fondling whine, and writhed himself into many an expressive gesture of greeting.

Granby could not forbear, however occupied with other thoughts, from bestowing a short caress on his first welcomer, and then looking up, saw one of the shutters partially unclosed, and a female head appear through the chink. In an instant he was at the door with his hand on the bell, doubtful whether he should venture to ring. He removed his hand, for he heard the low pattering of feet in the hall within; the door was carefully opened; and behind it, as he entered, was Mrs. Robins, the old house-keeper, with a face that struggled between pleasure at seeing him, and grief for the cause of his return.

“Is my uncle alive?” were Granby's first

words, and they were uttered in a tremulous whisper.

" 'Tis all we can say," replied Mrs. Robins ;
" but, thank God, Mr. Henry, we *can* say that."

" I am anxious," said he, " to see him. Is he sensible? Does he expect me?"

" Yes, Sir, he does, I am pretty sure, for I told him myself that you would be back soon ; and he made signs, as if he understood me. But I think I had better prepare him for it, if you please, Sir. Will you just walk in here?" and she opened the door of the room in which he and his uncle had used to sit.

It was almost dark, the shutters being closed to exclude the sun. He half opened one of them, and as the light poured in, looked around with mournful interest on the desolate apartment. Everything in it reminded him of times that had been, and now, he feared, never would return. There was his uncle's chair in the spot in which he always sat, and another placed opposite, as if for himself, on the other side of the

small Pembroke table. On that table lay the last newspaper that his uncle had been reading—perhaps the last he ever would read—marking by a day in advance the date of his first illness; and near it was an accumulation of unopened papers that had arrived since, and several sealed letters in well known hands. On the chimney-piece was a small old-fashioned clock—the last appeal from all other clocks and watches, in the house—which his uncle, with scrupulous punctuality, always wound up with his own hand. It had now stopped—a mute predictor of the fate of him to whose daily care it owed its motion.

Each of these trifling features in the scene before him, conveyed to Granby its portion of sorrowful remembrance; and he continued sadly to dwell upon them, when the door was gently opened, and Mrs. Robins, with a few low words intimated that she was ready to conduct him to his uncle's chamber. He followed her in silence, treading still softer and softer as he approached the room. She unclosed the door, and he en-

tered ; and as she told his name, he heard from the bed a faint inarticulate exclamation, which shocked him, from its utter want of resemblance to the usual tone of his uncle's voice.

The room was darkened by the window-curtains being drawn, and it was some minutes before Henry could distinctly see the altered being that lay stretched before him on the bed—now the wreck even of that pale decrepit person that he had seen a few weeks before. He feebly returned the pressure of his nephew's hand, and turned his glazed eyes upon him with a faint expression of glad recognition. He tried to speak, but could not express himself distinctly. Seeing that he failed in making himself understood, he motioned Henry to sit beside him.

Some time elapsed before the latter could speak, for his tears flowed fast, and would not be restrained. When he did speak, he could say little. Hope of recovery he durst not breathe, for he saw that the hand of death was upon his uncle. Things of this world were topics scarcely

proper for such a time, and preparations for the next would be better enjoined from the pious and feeling lips of the excellent minister of the adjoining church. Granby therefore sent to request his presence, and he administered, with affecting solemnity, the last consolations of religion to the aged and dying man.

After this, the sufferer sunk into a state of stupor, in which he continued for a considerable time. It seemed as if he were about to pass, by an easy transition, from insensibility to death ; but he revived again, and was awakened to an increasing consciousness of what was passing around him. A feeling of interest and anxiety seemed at one time to agitate his features. He pressed his nephew's hand as strongly as his feeble strength would permit, and earnestly uttered, at several successive times, expressions which were scarcely articulate, but in which Henry thought he distinguished the words "open," or "oaken bureau."

He thought these expressions were intended

to refer to the place in which the will was kept ; and by a look, and a few short words, he signified his comprehension of his uncle's meaning. The old man, upon this, seemed satisfied and resigned, and appeared once more to abstract himself from worldly thoughts, and prepare his spirit for its momentous flight.

The physician came again, but soon turned away with a saddened brow : and as Henry followed him from the room, and pressed his eager inquiries, whispered gently, that hope was past.

Night approached, and brought with it no amendment. The household had been fatigued with constant previous attendance, and therefore Henry, after snatching a short repose in the early part of the night, resolved to watch alone by his uncle's side until the following morning. He was left alone with him a little before midnight, and sat by his side with one hand grasped in his. The rest of the house was still as death; and no sound was audible within the chamber

but the ticking of a watch, and the low perturbed breathings of the aged sufferer. This last sound became gradually less and less audible, and at times appeared to cease entirely; so that Granby hardly knew if life remained, and inclined his ear towards him, and touched the pulse with anxious dread, to ascertain its motion.

Midnight was past, and the hours rolled on slowly and solemnly towards the morning; when all at once the light in the chamber was extinguished, and Granby was left in darkness. He could not quit his situation, for his uncle still retained his hand. The pressure was for some time firm and unvaried; till at length he suddenly felt his hand squeezed more strongly, and afterwards the hold was gradually relaxed.

A faint light was now perceptible through the crevices of the shutter, which was seen by Granby with heartfelt satisfaction. It increased rapidly and he longed to rise and admit still more, but feared to disengage himself. He could easily

have done it now, for the grasp was dull and feeble, and the hand seemed rather to be closed upon his own than to retain it. He thought, with horror, that a clammy coldness was coming over it. He bent his ear forward to the bed ; but no breathing was audible. With an indefinable feeling of dread, he then touched the cold wrist, but could distinguish no pulsation. He extricated his hand from the stiffened fingers that enclosed it, rose gently, went to the window, unbarred a shutter, partially opened it, then turned his face, and as the cold grey light of morning fell upon the bed, saw at a glance that his best friend was gone for ever.

We will not dwell upon his feelings. Those who, like him, have lost the sole protector of their youth, can best imagine what he suffered. He gazed awhile, in a sort of stupefaction, on the lifeless body of his kind relation ; then approached, and knelt by the bed for some minutes in silent prayer ; then with recovered firmness looked once more upon the corpse, and

closed its glassy eyes, that seemed to gaze unmeaningly upon him. Afterwards, turning from it, he gently opened the window-shutters, with a careful and a noiseless hand, as if the sleep of death should still be respected, though it could not be broken.

It was a bright and joyous summer's morning. A clear light just tinged the edges of the hills, while a thin cool haze, like a silver gauze, was lightly thrown across the valleys. The air was mild and fresh, and innumerable dew-drops sparkled in the grass. The birds had begun their early carol, and "the cock's shrill clarion" echoed in the distance. All told of renovated life—all spoke the voice of joy and promise.

It was a sight to cheer all hearts—all, save that of the desolate mourner, who looked out upon this fair scene from the silent chamber of death. To him it gave far other feelings. It added an impulse to his grief—it seemed as if Nature had unkindly withheld her sympathy.

All without was bright and gay, and breathed of life and cheerfulness—all within was solemn as the grave. He turned his eyes from the death-bed of his benefactor, to the brilliant spectacle of reviving nature, and the cruel contrast deepened the gloom of his situation.

There still was silence within the house, and Granby almost feared to disturb it. He waited awhile. It seemed as if all slept but him. At length a sound was heard, and then softly unclosing the door, he stepped forth to communicate the melancholy tidings.

The sad event was soon known to the whole household, and deep was the affliction it caused : and Granby's tears flowed afresh on witnessing their's. They had, indeed, lost much—an ever kind and generous master. But Granby's loss was greater far : he had to mourn for one whose benevolent spirit had fostered him almost from infancy, and who, in his worst of necessities, had been to him a second father : the heart was cold

whose warmest affections had ever been for him alone; and stiff and motionless was the hand that reared his orphan childhood.

In cases of affliction, the necessity of occupation, even though the duties that engage us be of a melancholy kind, is ever found a stern, but useful corrector of our grief. It is fortunate for us, when, after the loss of a cherished friend, or near relation, we are instantly plunged into a current of business which demands our close and constant attention. We are thereby prevented from indulging in that train of sad but unavailing thoughts, which such a circumstance will naturally induce.

Happily this was Granby's case. A whole day was before him, the wretchedness of which would have been almost insufferable, had it not been for the prompt exertions and multifarious business by which that day must necessarily be occupied. The direction of every thing devolved upon him. He had to acquaint a long

list of friends and relations with the sad event; to appoint the time and manner of the funeral; and finally, to examine the state and disposition of his uncle's affairs.

Among other directions for the funeral, a wish was expressed in the will, that Henry and ^{Lord} Lady Malton should be the chief mourners; a request which the former immediately made known to his lordship by letter, stating at the same time the day, and the place appointed.

This done, Granby could not help recurring to the words so earnestly expressed by his uncle, relative to some bureau. He thought he said, "open," or "oaken," but could not tell which, so imperfectly were the words articulated. He recollected that there was a small old bureau of oak, standing in a back room, which was called, as such rooms often are, the study; but which was certainly little used for studious purposes, and was more than half filled with dusty moveables

of various descriptions. He opened it, but found nothing of any moment, and was thence led to conclude, that it was not of this his uncle meant to speak.

CHAPTER XIX.

Time as he courses onward still unrolls
The volume of concealment.

Remorse.

For several days Granby was closely occupied, either in superintending various arrangements, or in examining and destroying the various letters and papers, which the General, during a long life, had allowed (in some instances rather needlessly) to accumulate. On the evening before the funeral, in turning over the leaves of a memorandum book, to see if it contained any article of moment, the following words caught his eye—"Mem. To tell Harry that when I am gone, he will find

the paper in a secret drawer of the oaken bureau, in the back study."

He started from his chair as he read this. It explained, at once, his uncle's meaning. It was to this bureau that he meant to direct him, and from the earnestness of his manner he could not doubt that the paper in question must be one of deep importance. With a strong feeling of curiosity and interest, in which hope and fear were very equally blended, he took a light and went to prosecute his search. He opened the bureau, and after a careful scrutiny discovered the secret drawer.

It contained a thick packet, sealed with his uncle's seal, and directed in his hand-writing, "To my nephew, Henry Granby, to be *privately* opened by him after my death."

He eagerly returned with it to his room, broke the seal, and tore off the envelop, which was found to contain several sheets closely written in the hand-writing of his uncle. By the many various shades of the ink, it appeared to have been

written at several successive times. The date at the beginning was that of many years back, and there was another at the end, which was the 16th of the preceding November.

Granby could not help looking with a feeling of awe, on a paper which promised to disclose so much of interesting matter, and which might so materially influence his future prospects. He drew a candle towards him, sat down, and read as follows :

“ MY DEAR HARRY,

“ Before you read this, I shall be no more, and you will have lost, if not an able director, at least a zealous and attached friend. It was my wish to be to you all that a father could have been, and you, I think, have been no less desirous to shew towards me all the affection and deference of a son. How far I have well and wisely executed my task, I cannot say ; but God knows that I ever acted as I thought for the best ; and you, I am sure, will not be backward in doing justice to the integrity of my

intentions. I have a long story to tell you, and one which nearly concerns yourself. I should have wished to have told it otherwise than thus ; but I have been fettered by a solemn promise, and my honour has forbidden me to break it. By this promise I am bound not to disclose the circumstances which I shall now relate, except by a paper to be opened by my executor after my death, or if before my death, only in case of the previous decease of another person. That person is Lord Malton, and it is chiefly of him that I am going to speak.

“ We have never talked much upon family subjects, especially those which are in any degree connected with him ; but, I believe, you are nevertheless informed, that in case of the failure of male heirs to Lord Malton, the title, and most of the landed property, would descend to the representative of the younger branch. This was a disposal which the present Lord Malton could not alter ; but which, I am well persuaded, he would have altered, had it been

possible. Whether it was the secret cause of his disagreement with your father, or whether his quarrel with your father made him the more averse to the disposal of his property, I cannot say, but certain it is, that he and my brother were hardly ever on friendly terms, and were at one time in a state of actual hostility. But I will not dwell on these things; I will rather remember that he never failed to acknowledge your father's good qualities, and was uniformly kind in his behaviour to me. Lord Malton, as you may have heard, married early. His first wife was a Miss Danvers; a very pleasing, amiable woman, who brought him a tolerable fortune. She did not live long, and left only one child, a son, who died shortly after her. Lord Malton was very much grieved at her death; the more, perhaps, on account of the double loss which he sustained, and the consequent disappointment of his hopes of a successor.

“ Within two years, he married again. His second wife was Miss Stratford, sister to the

late Sir James Stratford. My cousin seemed to be fortunate in his choice. I thought so, and so did many others, and there was reason for thinking so, for she was an excellent woman—so mild, and quiet, and compliant; and though not exactly handsome, she was very pleasing in her appearance. You know her picture, Harry,—it is an excellent likeness of her—my cousin Malton gave it me.

“ Well—as I said, he seemed to be fortunate, and they ought to have been happy. But somehow or other they were not. I am afraid it was more his fault than her’s, as you will see when I have told you all. But I must also say that she had one defect. I hardly like to call it even a defect; but it was unfortunate, and might have been in some degree the cause of their unhappiness. She was very diffident and reserved. He fancied she was cold, and did not care for him. I know that she did—too much, poor soul, for her own happiness.

“ For the first three years they had no child ;

and this, to him, who was so desirous of an heir, was a very serious mortification. It perhaps contributed in no small degree to weaken his affection for her; and she, poor dear woman, grew pale and thin, and low-spirited, and quite unlike her former self. I am sorry to say that I believe this change was brought about by his unkindness: not that he ever quarrelled with her, or used her violently ill; but his affection for her passed away, and she perceived it too plainly; and this, to one who loved her husband, as I am sure she did, was worse to bear than any violence of temper. Then there were other distressing things, as you will see:—but I must not anticipate.

“ Well—at length there was a promise of a family, and she was delivered of a son. This gave great joy to my cousin Malton: but his joy was soon checked. Lady Malton was seized with what I believe they call a puerperal fever, and died in the first week of her confinement. Poor Malton! though I fear he did not love

his wife, he certainly felt this blow severely. I believe his conscience reproached him for his past conduct to her—conduct that could not be recalled: and then, as I often heard him say, there seemed to a sort of fatality which had attended his marriage prospects. It was indeed melancholy to have lost so soon a second wife, and in a way similar to that in which the first had died. And then it wounded him in the point on which his wishes harped, and endangered his hopes of an heir: for though the child had survived its mother, yet it was but a sickly infant, and probably might not live long.

“ I went to stay with him at Tedsworth about three weeks after poor Lady Malton’s death. He had written to me very dejectedly; and as we had always been familiar friends, and he used to be cheerful when I was with him, and I knew that a little quiet society was good for people in low spirits, I wrote to offer him my company. He accepted the offer very grate-

fully ; and accordingly I went to see him. He seemed anxious about the child, which had become his only hope, and which was, as I have said, a poor little sickly thing. He did not mention it often, and was rather short in his answers to me whenever I inquired after it. Nevertheless, he evidently thought a good deal about it, saw it several times a day, and had frequent private conferences with the nurse that took care of it.

“ But notwithstanding his great anxiety, and the apparent illness of the child, he never sent for a medical man. This circumstance surprised me ; for one was living not far off, whose skill was highly spoken of ; and I took the liberty one day to hint to him my thoughts, and to point out this as a proper person. But he did not seem to take my interference in good part : said that he was the properest judge ; that I might be sure nothing needful was neglected ; and that the person in question

knew nothing about children. The subject was dropped, and as he seemed inclined to take offence, I never thought proper to resume it.

“ I must now mention a circumstance which took place a few days afterwards. Remember, Harry, that this was in the year ninety. I was then young and active, eager for amusement of any kind, and very fond of field sports. Teds-worth was to me a paradise, for it abounded in game and fish; and as my cousin did not care about them himself, their management, while I was there, and the direction of the keepers, seemed to be vested solely in me. I walked out one evening after dinner (it was in July, on the 14th), and went, attended by one of the keepers, to superintend the laying of some night-lines. It was a fine, still, summer's evening; and the lines being properly disposed of, I was tempted to prolong my walk. I strolled along the edge of the lake, and struck across from the upper end towards the western corner of the shrub-
berry.

“ I remember that evening, Harry, as if it was but yesterday. It was twilight, and about nine o'clock ; and I sauntered quietly through the close walks of the shrubbery, enjoying the coolness of the evening, sometimes walking, sometimes standing for a few minutes, and watching the bats that flitted to and fro above my head. While I was standing thus, I heard the sound of soft, quick steps, as if some one was stealing gently, but rapidly along the path towards me. I stood still, and presently there came round the corner a woman muffled up in a dark cloak, with a large bundle under it. On seeing me, which was not until she came quite close, she started, and stopped, and made a sudden exclamation, and I knew immediately by the voice that it was Mrs. Franklin, the nurse. She seemed exceedingly alarmed ; and thinking that she did not know me, (for it was almost dark,) and was alarmed on that account, I spoke to her, and asked her where she was going, and what she was carrying under her cloak. I re-

member her answer, and her manner of giving it. 'Nothing, Sir,' said she; and her voice trembled, and she tried to pass me; but the walk was narrow, and as I stood in the middle, she could not get by. 'Nothing?' said I, 'it is nothing that lies in no very small compass.' Those, I believe, were my very words, and I put out my hand to touch the bundle; upon which she hastily drew back, and told me it was only some linen that she was taking to the head keeper's wife to be washed; and on saying this she brushed hastily by me, and passed on.

; "I stood considering for a few seconds. The woman's behaviour puzzled me; and I thought I saw strong ground to suspect that something was not right. She had a relation living near, and it struck me at once, that she was robbing her master, and carrying things from the house to this relation. Besides, I remembered that she was not going the nearest way to the keeper's, which made my suspicions stronger still. I therefore resolved at once to follow her. I hate

the character of a spy; but I thought myself bound in duty to my cousin to protect him from abuse and fraud, and felt that I should almost become an accomplice, if I did not attempt to sift this suspicious circumstance. I followed the woman at a distance, losing sight of her at times, and then again faintly seeing her through the twilight. I soon saw that she was not going to the keeper's lodge; and I continued to watch her till she entered a lonely cottage by the edge of the park, where there lived a woman of the name of Wilson, who was her sister, and widow of a former keeper, who had been killed in a conflict with some poachers, and who had been settled by Lord Malton rent-free in a cottage near the park. She had one daughter living with her—a beautiful blooming girl about nineteen.

“Poor Mary Wilson! I must tell you a little of her history, for she was deeply concerned in the events which I am going to relate. It was her misfortune to attract Lord Malton's eye.

The interest excited by the death of her poor father, had led my cousin, from charitable motives, to call in his rides occasionally at the cottage; and Mary, whose beauty was certainly great, did not pass unobserved by him. He continued to call at the Wilsons' cottage, but not as at first, from charitable intentions—Mary alone had become his object. I can make no excuse for him. He knew his advantages of situation, and he pursued them: but it was a most unworthy use to make of those advantages. She was naturally blinded by the admiration, guilty as it was, of one so greatly her superior. I cannot think that she was ill-disposed; but it was a sore temptation, and she yielded to it. A few days after Lady Malton's confinement, she was delivered of a son. I knew this proof of her guilt, and more than suspected its author.

“ But I must return to the events of that evening. After seeing Franklin enter the cottage of her sister, I doubted whether I should not follow her thither. But I felt some repugnance at ap-

pearing personally in this affair, and thought it sufficient to rouse my cousin's vigilance, and leave to him the work of detection ; and with this view I returned home, and resolved to acquaint him with all I had seen. 'I have reason to fear,' said I, when we were alone, (I repeat as nearly as possible what I remember to have said,) 'I have reason to fear that one of your servants has been acting dishonestly, and conveying things to which she has no right out of the house.' He stared at me, and asked me whom I suspected. 'Franklin, your little boy's nurse,' said I. 'I met her with a bundle under her cloak, coming through the shrubbery.' He seemed to start when I named the person, and gave me a very keen look. I can almost fancy I see him before me as I write, his manner made so great an impression. 'And where did she go?' he asked. I told him, to Mrs. Wilson's cottage, and advised him to investigate the circumstance, and said that I did not like to see him pillaged without telling him all I knew. He smiled upon my saying this,

thanked me for my vigilance, but said that my suspicions were groundless ; and then told me, lowering his voice, that Franklin had gone, by his orders, to take such things as might be needful for the sick to Mary Wilson and her child ; and he added that the child was very ill.

“ After a short pause, I said, rather abruptly, ‘ If Franklin was taking these things by your order, how came she to say that she was carrying a bundle of linen ? ’ I looked up in my cousin’s face as I said this, and was quite astonished at the effect which my simple question seemed to have. He turned very pale, looked distressed, and asked me, angrily, why I expected him to account for all that the foolish woman chose to say. Then, after consideration, he added, that perhaps, under all the circumstances, she felt an awkwardness in alluding to the situation of her niece, Mary.

“ I pursued the subject no farther, but I thought about it a good deal, and did not feel satisfied that there was not some mystery at the

bottom. I determined to learn more; and soon after breakfast on the following morning, I walked to Mrs. Wilson's cottage. On entering, I found her and Mary in great affliction; and was told by them that the child was dead. I said a few things to comfort them, and inquired from what cause it had died so suddenly. They described the cause and manner of its death; and I then asked them when it took place. Mary could not speak for weeping, but her mother told me, about one in the morning. Seeing them in deep distress, I forbore to allude to Franklin's visit on the preceding evening; and very soon came away. I think it was on my return that I met the nurse with the baby in her arms. I spoke to her, and asked her, in a careless way, why she had been so much alarmed the evening before. She said it was late, and a lonely place, and she was startled at meeting me so unexpectedly, and did not at first know who it was; and she then told me that she had been taking food and medicine, by Lord Malton's

order, to Mary Wilson. I asked her why she could not have told me so at the time ; and she accounted for her behaviour in the same manner that Lord Malton had done before. ‘Perhaps, Sir,’ she added, ‘you may not have heard that poor Mary has lost her child—I found them last night in great affliction ;—and then she described their situation in very moving terms, and observed what a heart-rending sight it was to see Mary sitting weeping with her dead child upon her knee. ‘Then the child was dead when you got there?’ said I. Franklin said that it was. ‘And you were there between nine and ten?’ She looked uneasy at the question, and said, after a short pause, that she could not speak with certainty as to the precise time. I said no more to her, and we parted.

“The contradictory statements which I had just heard with regard to the time of the child’s death, made no slight impression upon me. I was worked up to a state of suspicion ; and the mystery of this affair, connected as it was with

a scene of death, appeared to darken fearfully. Strange thoughts flashed across my mind, which I strove in vain to drive away. They only returned with greater force. They haunted me the whole day; and I can remember even now the anxious, sleepless night I passed, in trying to persuade myself of the impossibility of a scene of villainy, which could I suppose it to be true, would at once explain all difficulties. I remembered my cousin's anxiety for an heir, the weakly state of the infant—the mysterious care which had latterly been taken of it—the sudden death of Mary's child—the contradictory accounts—and Lord Malton's strange embarrassment. I passed one or two days in a wretched fevered state of uneasiness. But I roused myself by the reflection, that if there was foul play, it would be incumbent on me to use all efforts to detect it; more especially when a brother's rights might suffer by the fraud.

“I watched my opportunity, that I might speak to Franklin alone. Such an opportunity

soon arrived. She was walking in the shrubbery, and had the child in her arms, but muffled up so that I could not see its face. I desired to be allowed to look at it ; with which she complied after some demur. I began by praising the child's appearance ; commented on its improved health ; and observed that it was not like the same ; and as I said this I looked at her very earnestly. I saw her change colour, and seem distressed ; but she struggled hard for composure, and began to talk extremely fast in order to draw off my attention. This only served to increase my suspicion. ' Which was the finest child,' said I, in a significant tone, ' this or Mary Wilson's ?' This was a question which she ought to have answered readily and without emotion. But she did not so answer it. She was evidently embarrassed. I believe she thought it an ensnaring question ; and she was not furnished with a ready reply. She stammered, and hesitated ; said first one, and then the other ; and at last replied, that there was very little difference between them. I asked her what she

was alarmed about, and why she could not answer, plainly and calmly, so simple a question. She said she did not know, and seemed to grow still more and more confused. 'You were right, however,' said I, in a very marked tone, 'in saying that there was little difference; there is indeed little or *no* difference. Ay,' said I, '*no* difference;' and I looked at her very keenly, and saw her tremble with alarm. 'I do not understand you, Sir,' said she, in a faltering voice, and then she attempted to walk away, and said she must take the baby in. 'Stop,' said I, catching her by the arm, 'it is fit that you should understand me. I have much more to say to you;' and then I looked round, to see whether any one was within sight or hearing, and seeing nobody, I proceeded. 'Now,' said I, in a stern tone, 'tell me—do you persist in saying that Mary's child was dead when you arrived at the cottage?' She answered, 'Yes;' but she did not answer promptly. She paused awhile, as if to consider what she should say. It was not the answer of

a person who speaks at once the simple truth, regardless of its consequences. ‘Very well,’ said I; ‘now, I myself have been at the cottage, and they assured me that the child died about one o’clock in the morning. You were there before ten, and say that it was then dead. You cannot both of you be right.’

“Franklin seemed alarmed at first, but vehemently exclaimed against the possibility of either party having made a wilful mis-statement; and she went on to talk very rapidly about the difference of clocks, and persons in affliction not attending to time; and at last added, that the child might not have been dead after all, and that she only knew that it looked as if it was. I had begun to feel that a mistake was possible with respect to time; but this want of firm adherence to her tale again brought back my worst suspicions. ‘When I met you,’ said I, ‘with the bundle in your arms, you first told me that it contained linen; you afterwards said that it

was food and medicine, carried by Lord Malton's order. What if I believe neither of these tales were true?' 'You may think what you please, Sir,' said she, hastily; 'but what I did, I did according to my Lord's order; and so you will find, if you choose to ask him.' 'I do not doubt,' said I, 'that you acted according to your master's orders, but I doubt whether those orders were such as you have represented.' 'If you are not satisfied upon that point, Sir,' she answered, rather angrily, 'you had better ask my lord himself;' and was going away, when I again stopped her. 'I shall ask him,' said I, 'in due time; I am now questioning you.' 'I do not know, Sir,' said she, 'what you suspect me of.' 'Do you wish to hear?' answered I, looking her steadily in the face. She had before been red with anger: she now turned very pale, and just uttered a faint 'Yes.' 'I suspect you,' said I, 'of conveying in that bundle the body of your late mistress's infant to Mary

Wilson, that it might pass for hers; and I suspect that it is the child of Mary Wilson which you now carry in your arms.'

"She had not the address to assume surprise at the accusation, sudden and formidable as it was; she evidently knew what was coming. 'And what is your reason for thinking that?' said she, with a steadiness that surprised me—a steadiness which, I suppose, she owed to the desperate aspect of her situation. I answered, perhaps imprudently, that I had very strong suspicions of it; and told her that her own behaviour first excited them; and I urged her strongly to confess. But I found that I had lost my influence, by betraying the poverty of my resources, and in making so direct a charge without sufficient evidence to support it. She began to inveigh against me loudly, and said that she would instantly go and inform Lord Malton of all that I had said. I told her she was at liberty to do so; saw her re-enter the house; and went myself directly to the stables.

“ My horse was ready saddled, and without delay I galloped to the cottage of the Wilsons. They looked at me, as I entered, with fear in their faces : they saw I came upon no mild and pleasing errand. I did not give them time to recover, but entered immediately into the subject. I pressed for no confession—I assumed the fact, and spoke as one who was informed of all. They could not utter a word in contradiction. Mary burst into tears ; the mother threw herself on her knees before me, and tried to exculpate herself by saying (what I fear was true,) that Lord Malton had threatened to turn them out of the cottage, unless they consented to change the children, and receive the dead child as their own. Poor Mary also said, as well as her sobs would allow her, that she was lured by the idea that the situation of her child would be improved by the change, and that he would inherit wealth and rank, which otherwise could never have been his.

“ I passed but little time in conversation with

them. I made them produce pen, ink, and paper, and wrote a brief acknowledgment of their fraud, which I placed before them, and required them to sign. At first they hesitated, and pleaded their fear of Lord Malton's displeasure; but I told them that the consequences of their refusal would be still more terrible, and thereupon they at length complied. You will find this paper in the packet. On receiving their signatures, I left the cottage, and returned home; and on re-entering the house, was told that my cousin had been inquiring for me. I guessed the cause. He had been informed of my conversation with Franklin, and wished to speak to me upon that subject. It promised to be an agitating interview, for I had a serious charge to make; and it was probable that from this day our terms of intercourse would be changed for life.

"I retired to my room for a few minutes, to secure my paper, and compose my thoughts, and then walked down to the library. Before I opened the door, I could hear my cousin pacing

the apartment ; but on perceiving me about to enter, he had thrown himself into a chair, and pretended to be calmly occupied in reading. He looked up from his book, as I came towards him, and said to me, with an air of affected unconcern, ‘ Granby, you are a good-humoured free-spoken fellow, but be careful how you jest with servants ; they don’t always take things as they are meant. Here is Franklin has been to me with a cock-and-bull tale of a confabulation she has had with you this morning. You have frightened the woman out of her wits. She seriously believes that you mean to accuse her of being a kidnapper, or a fetcher and carrier of dead children, or something of that sort—I hardly know what—for I don’t quite understand her story. But really, cousin, begging your pardon, this subject is rather too serious for a jest.’ ‘ I didn’t speak in jest, said I.’ He changed colour very much. ‘ Do you mean,’ said he, ‘ that you did not say what Franklin represents ?’ ‘ I do not mean it,’ I replied, ‘ I do

not doubt that she has stated correctly what I said.' He looked at me very earnestly, but with more of fear than amazement in his air ; and desired to be told the cause of such extraordinary suspicions. 'Cousin,' said I, 'it is needless to tell you the cause of my suspicions ; at present, I do more than suspect ; I know the fact. Since my conversation with Franklin, I have been to the cottage of the Wilsons, and they have made full confession.'

"Lord Malton was utterly confounded ; he actually staggered with the shock, and the colour left his face entirely. I can fancy that I see his ghastly countenance before me now. I was silent, and allowed him time to recover himself. 'And do you believe these wretched people?' said he, after a short pause ; 'they have been tampered with by some person ; they will say and unsay anything.' 'They will not dare to unsay anything they have already said,' I answered ; 'they know I am prepared for that. I have their written confession, signed by both

of them.' Lord Malton seemed ready to sink into the earth. He had not expected this precaution, and all escape seemed now precluded. He asked to be allowed to see the paper. 'No,' I answered; 'if you doubt my having such a paper, ask the Wilsons, and they will tell you. It will be time enough for me to show it, when I am required to do so in a court of law.'

"At this my cousin's strength and spirits seemed to fail him; he sunk upon a chair, trembling violently, and grasped me earnestly by the hand. 'Granby,' said he, "for Heaven's sake don't ruin me. I am in your power; you know all, and can tell all; but have some consideration for me; think how nearly we are related;" and then he spoke of the disappointment of his hopes of an heir, and his wish to provide for his natural son; and said a great deal more to me with much earnestness of manner; so that, in spite of his offence, I could not help feeling for his situation. I told him I was sorry

for him, but that, nevertheless, I must do my duty; and that, having detected this shameful fraud, I could not allow it to operate to the exclusion of the rightful claims of your father and his successors. He long urged me to suffer the affair to pass in silence; but I continued to insist on the impossibility of sacrificing my brother's rights. I pressed him to avow his fault, and to repair it; and said that, so soon after its commission, this could be done with greater ease, than if a longer period had elapsed. 'It is impossible,' said he; 'the thing is done, and cannot be recalled. The child is buried under a false name—the entry is made in the register. That must remain in evidence against me.' And then he earnestly entreated, that if I had any regard for him as a friend and cousin, I would keep silence.

"I was greatly perplexed, and did now know what course to take. By publishing the affair, I should bring my cousin into serious trouble; his character, at any rate, would be blasted.

Besides, the child might die, and then if I did but hold my peace, no harm could be done to any one. I was the depositary of a secret deeply affecting the rights of others. But you were not born then ; your father was not even married. Probably he also, had he known the facts, would have been inclined to secrecy and mercy. In short, after reviewing all these points, I resolved provisionally to comply. ‘ I cannot,’ said I, ‘ consent to the sacrifice of my brother’s rights ; but I am sorry for you, and would not have you come to harm. I will keep silence upon these conditions ;—that my promise shall be considered binding only for the term of either of our lives, and that you give me here a written confession of the whole transaction, which must be also witnessed by Franklin.’

“ He hesitated for a moment ; then sat down and wrote what I required. He afterwards sent for Franklin. She came in. ‘ Sign that,’ said he to her, ‘ and witness my signature. It is a confession of all that has passed with respect to

the children. You are safe as long as you keep your own counsel—Major Granby will not tell.' She signed the paper, and left the room. You will find that paper in the packet. It is marked with two crosses on the outside.

“ ‘ And now,’ said Lord Malton, ‘ it is but fair that I should have your written promise of secrecy.’ ‘ You shall have it,’ said I, ‘ but remember, that I reserve to myself the liberty of disclosing all, by a paper to be opened after my death, by my executor ; and that in case of your dying before me, I may publish it to whom I please. There is another thing which I must also mention. You will have it in your power to make ample provision, out of your personalty, for your natural son. But, nevertheless, it would be cruel to bring him up with expectations which must eventually be disappointed ; and I, therefore, require, and make it an express condition, that before he arrives at the age of ten, you fully inform him of his real birth and expectations ; and observe,’ said I, for I saw

him wavering, 'that from this condition you shall not escape, for if you do not inform him of it, be assured that I will.' 'Never fear,' said he, his countenance inflaming as he spoke; 'he shall be taught to curse his parents at the proper age.—Have you any more conditions to impose?' 'No more,' I answered. 'Then sign your promise.' I did so, and he received it in silence.

"I recollect that silence well—it was terrible:—it lasted, perhaps, only for a minute or two; but it seemed hours to me. There was my cousin, slowly folding up the paper, and seeming to ponder as he did so; looking so stern, so sad, so pale with agitation, yet trying to be calm;—while I stood earnestly watching him, thinking of the terms on which we were likely to part. On one thing I resolved—to be no more a visitor at Tedsworth. Under all the circumstances, my presence would necessarily be irksome to my cousin. I should be felt as a restraint, and should recal unpleasant thoughts. Besides, I could not bear the idea of seeming to

take any advantage of my acquaintance with his secret, and thereby forcing myself upon him.

“ I remember, that I was the first to speak. ‘ Cousin,’ said I, ‘ I trust you believe that I do not wish to be your enemy. We are near relations, and though we cannot, henceforth, be the intimate friends we used to be, yet I should wish to part from you in perfect kindness of feeling. I will not reproach you for what you have done, for that might seem ungenerous. I must leave you, Malton ; but it shall not be in unkindness. I trust you will still believe me your fervent well-wisher, and will never regard me as your enemy.’ ‘ No,’ said he, ‘ it is I that have been my own worst enemy.’ He asked why I must leave him, and I told him my reasons. He thought for awhile ; but appeared satisfied. ‘ Well,’ said he, ‘ perhaps that is best for both parties. But stay with me for a few days. I wish for your presence, in order to smother any suspicion that may arise in my

household. Franklin is the only servant that is at present in the secret. The rest know nothing, and I believe suspect nothing; but of this I cannot be certain. If they should, your sudden departure might give them fresh grounds.'

"I felt the truth of what he argued; pitied him for being driven to such precautions; and agreed to comply with his request. I remained at Tedsworth four days longer. They were four uncomfortable days. Each of us scrupulously abstained from alluding to the subject of the late affair, and tried to behave as if nothing material had occurred. But it would not do; we were both of us embarrassed and oppressed, and an awkward consciousness of our relative situations hung a perpetual load upon our spirits. A sense of guilt weighed heavily upon him, and I had many a harassing reflection, and was even haunted, when in my cousin's company, with the sense of what he ought to feel.

"I was glad to go, though I could not but

experience a pang at parting. On the day before my departure, I revisited every favourite haunt about the place. I do not know why I did so, for it was a melancholy sort of pleasure. It scarcely deserved to be called a pleasure; it rather seemed a painful duty; for I felt, as I looked at these scenes, that I was probably viewing them for the last time. And, hitherto, it has been so. I have never set my foot in Tedsworth since. Perhaps I never shall again.

“ And now, Harry, I have given you as full an account as I am able of this extraordinary transaction. You will perhaps be surprised, that after this lapse of time, I should be able to describe with such minuteness events so long passed. But I felt the necessity of preparing an account for my successor; and immediately after the discovery, even during the four days of my stay at Tedsworth, I employed myself in noting down the conversations that had passed. These I embodied in a short paper, which I drew up for the inspection of your

father; but since his death, I have written it afresh, with a more minute detail of the facts, and have addressed it to yourself.

“ You see, my dear Harry, from what I have stated above, that you are the rightful heir of Lord Malton: and that, on the event of his death, you will succeed to his titles, and all the Tedsworth property. May you live long to enjoy it. I may never see that day—I do not think I shall—I feel a certain presentiment, even while I write these lines, which tells me that this paper will give you the first intelligence of your future fortune, at a time when I am dead and gone. I am older than Lord Malton, and do not think I shall survive him.

“ And now, my dear nephew, you can best judge how far I have wisely executed the important duties of a guardian. You can now penetrate into the motives of those parts of my past system, which long ago I would fain have explained, had I been at liberty so to do. You now see why we held so little communication

with our relations at Tedsworth. You now can understand why I have never given you a profession.

“ Your cousin knows his situation—has known it from his boyhood. Lord Malton scrupulously performed the painful task which I imposed. This I know positively, having ascertained the fact once when I called to see your cousin many years ago, at the time when he was a Westminster school-boy. He seemed indifferent about it; which, though surprised at, I was glad to see. Time must have rendered him still more so, and it will be happy for him if it has; for in his case, quick and sensitive feelings would be a real misfortune.

“ I say all this, that you may know that, with respect to him, you will have nothing to communicate. You will therefore be spared a painful office, and the equally distressing reflection of the sudden change of situation which your poor cousin must undergo. It will be greater in appearance than reality. It is but an event to

which he had looked forward from childhood. Besides, I trust that although Tedsworth cannot be his, yet he will still have an ample provision out of his father's personalty. Again I commend him to your friendship. I am growing old and feeble—it is fit that I should think of death. Lord Malton, however unjustly, may probably be averse to you. Let me, if possible, extend the hand of reconciliation even from the grave. In my will, I have signified a wish, that at my funeral Lord Malton should be a mourner as well as yourself. This will convey to him the gratifying thought, (for such I trust it will be,) that though his offences have been great, and our consequent separation long, they have not extinguished my regard. It will also smoothen to yourself the difficulties of a first meeting. You will meet at a time when sorrow softens the feelings, and pride and stubbornness of spirit either are or ought to be repressed. You will be thrown into close communion, with your hearts subdued and chastened by the so-

lemn scene before your eyes. Connected as you both are with him over whom you meet to mourn, you will feel, I trust, with greater force, the ties that bind you to each other; and though I cannot see that day, yet it will be one source of pleasure in my dying hour, to think that my very dust may be a mediator between you, and that you will seal upon my grave the bond of future friendship.

“And now, farewell, my dearest nephew. May you long dignify and enjoy that station, which must on some future day be your’s. It is painful to me to conclude. I see you daily, it is true; and perhaps may continue so to do long after writing this farewell. But still, when I consider that I am penning the last address that you ever can receive from me, a certain sad and awful feeling agitates me as I write. I am taking a last and solemn leave; and were you distant from home, and did I not hear at this instant your horse’s tread below my window, I should scarcely have courage to write the words.

But I must—and will. God bless you, my dear boy. Once more—farewell for ever.”

One of these few last words was blotted, as if a tear had fallen upon the writing. Granby could not view without a corresponding emotion this silent record of his uncle's love. With a reverential feeling of grief and tenderness, he laid down the paper, and resting his forehead on his hand, briefly reviewed the circumstances of this extraordinary disclosure.

What a wonderful change in his prospects one short hour had effected! He seemed to be scarcely the same person who had so lately sat down with less of hope than fear, to the perusal of this important document. A busy crowd of former circumstances pressed forcibly upon him, —circumstances which till now he had viewed under another light, or had hardly allowed himself to regard at all, and of which this paper furnished him at once with the brief and faithful explanation.

The darkest side of this new view of past scenes was occupied by Tyrrel. He recalled to mind those dreadful words, which, for the first time he heard with such astonishment. "Know that you have deemed yourself the friend of one who could have stabbed you while he shook your hand." It was horrible to have heard such words; and still more horrible to recal them, at a time when he was cruelly persuaded, by circumstances before unknown, of the dreadful sincerity with which they were uttered. Till now he had never thought that Tyrrel really was his enemy; and had been inclined to regard these terrible expressions as the mere result of temporary rage. But now what an altered retrospect! and what a serpent had begun to wind itself about his heart! Now he saw that his destruction had been the settled purpose of Tyrrel's soul. He shuddered as the thought arose, and looking back to the infatuated confidence which he once reposed in Tyrrel's honour, he poured forth thanks to that Providence which

had saved his inexperienced youth from the hidden snares which were set around him.

But pity for his cousin's lot soon succeeded to his just resentment: and he felt, that were he to meet him at that moment, he could stretch forth the hand of reconciliatory friendship. His present splendid expectations did not much occupy his mind; and he was almost surprised at the indifference with which he viewed them. There was a time when, for the sake of Caroline, he would have regarded them with transport; but the hope which then possessed him was now extinct, and he looked upon his altered prospects, with a feeling rather of wonder than of satisfaction.

After giving way, for some time, to the reflections that crowded on his mind, Granby turned once more to the packet, and examined two other papers which it contained. One of these was the confession of the Wilsons; the other that of Lord Malton. The former consisted only of these words, in the hand-writing of his uncle: "I, Mary Wilson, do solemnly

affirm, that the infant now lying buried in the church-yard at Tedsworth, described under the name of James Wilson, and purporting to be the illegitimate child of me, Mary Wilson, is not my child, but was brought dead to this house by Elizabeth Franklin, on the night of Thursday, the 14th instant; and I, Jane Wilson, do attest the same; and we do believe the said child to have been the male heir of Lord Malton; and we do further affirm, that the present supposed heir of Lord Malton is the illegitimate child of Mary Wilson, which child she resigned out of her own keeping, into the hands of the said Elizabeth Franklin, on the 14th day of the present month.

(Signed) "JANE WILSON.

"MARY WILSON."

"*Tuesday, July 19th, 1790.*"

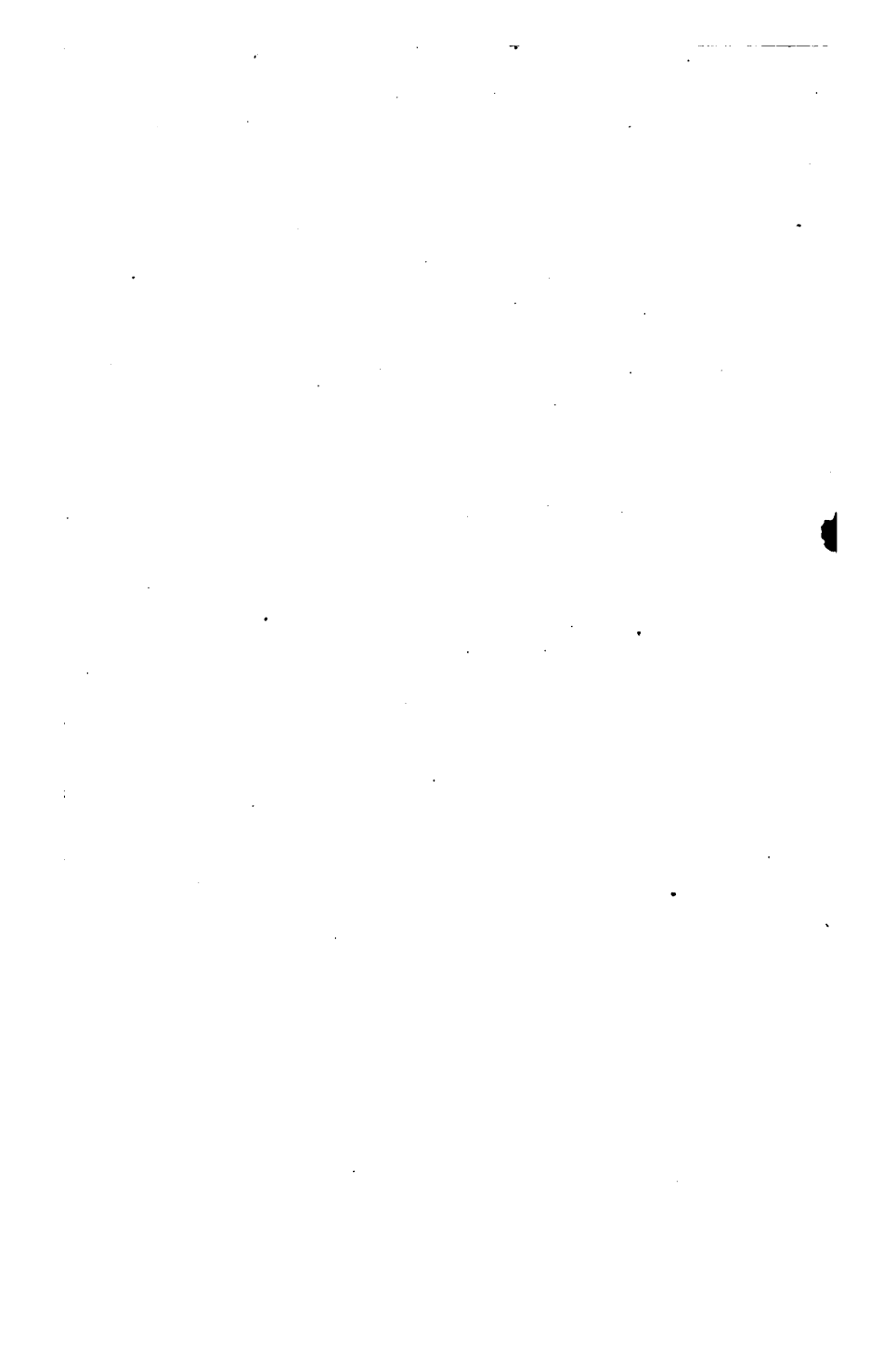
The other confession, which was in the handwriting of Lord Malton, was much longer, and contained merely a recapitulation of much which

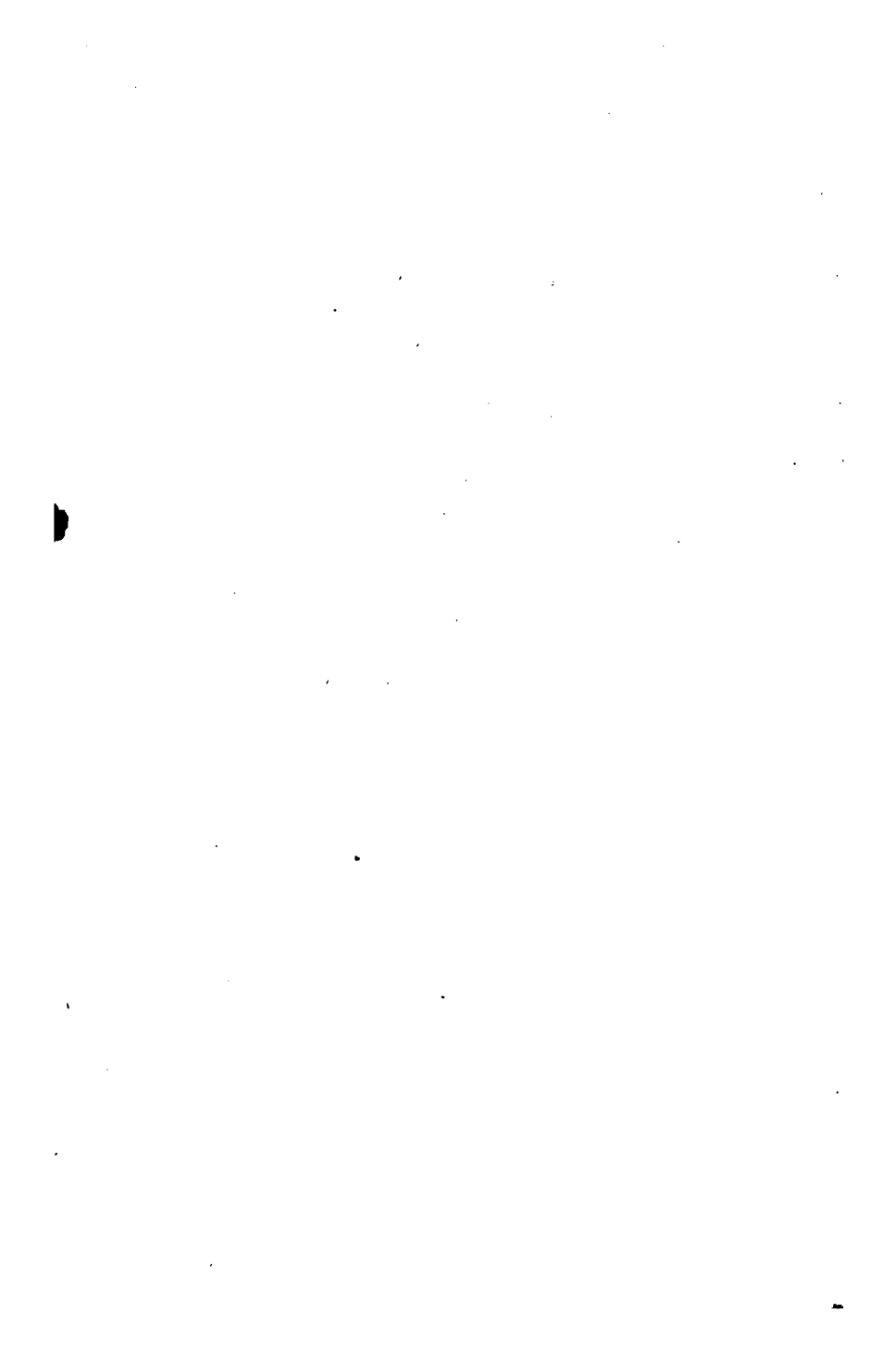
has been related already.. Granby carefully deposited all these documents in a place of safety, and then retired to snatch a repose, which his anxious and overburthened mind would scarcely permit him to enjoy.

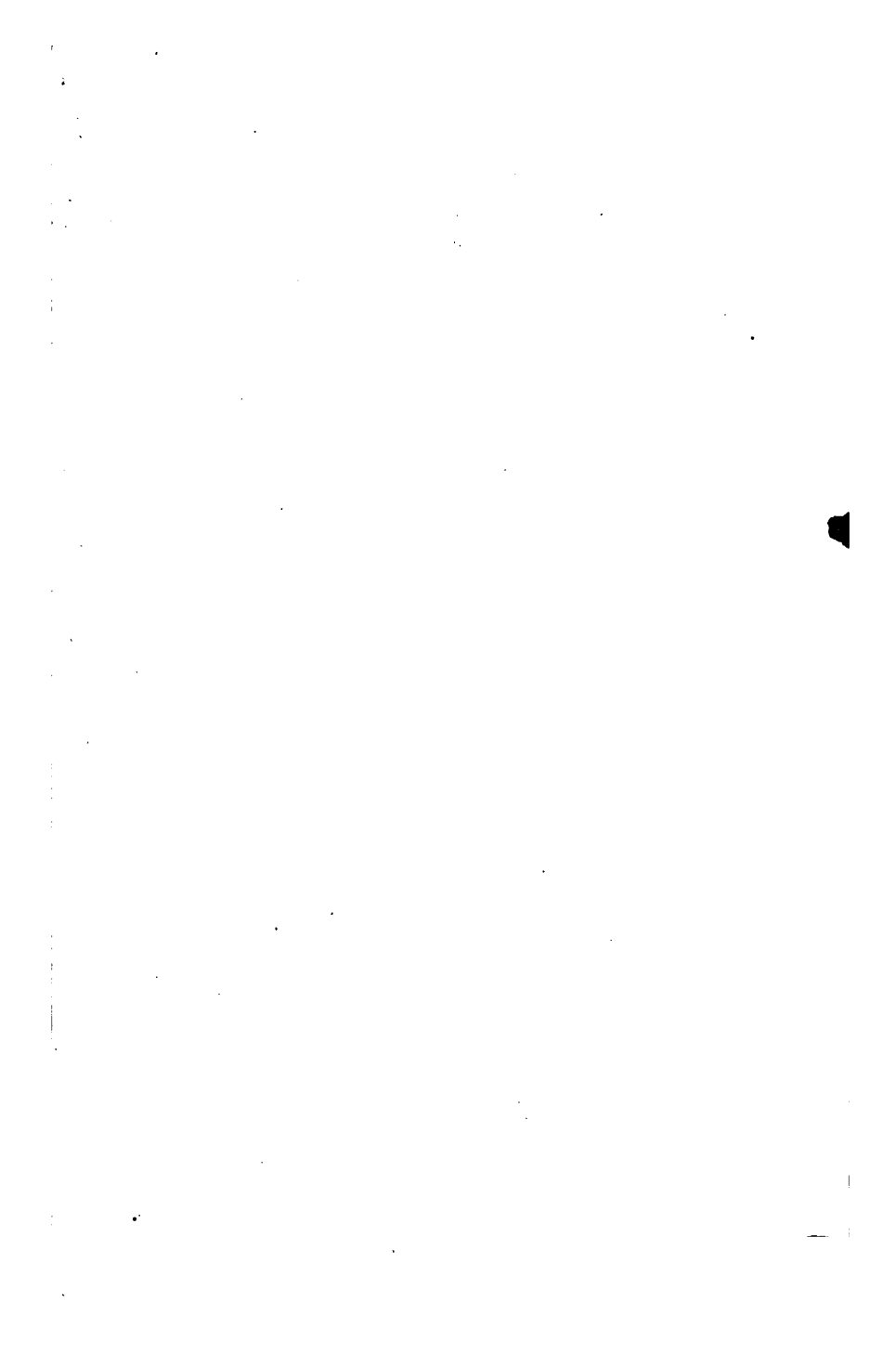
END OF VOL. II.

LONDON:

SHACKELL AND BAYLIS, JOHNSON'S-COURT, FLEET-STREET.







UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY
BERKELEY

Return to desk from which borrowed.

This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

23Feb'49AP

27Oct 53WB

NOV 27 1953 CT

NOV 30 1953 LU

NOV 53

Lee

1954

JAN 15 1954

14Oct'55VH
OCT 3 1955 LU

REC CIR MAR 10 '81

DEC 01 1993

AUTO DISC CIR

SEP 10 '93

OCT 0 1994

Nov. 26

RECEIVED

DEC 22 1994

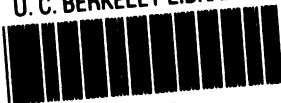
CIRCULATION DEPT.

YB 74743

M513895

955
L773
91
1829
V12

U. C. BERKELEY LIBRARIES



C045405816